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June 9th, 1844.

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"Sir Richard Bourke is distantly related to the family of Edmund Burke, and having been at school and college in England during the last eight years of the latter's life, passed his vacations and what spare time he could command, in his kinsman's house. He has thus been enabled from his own observation, and the traditions of Beconsfield, to supply such portion of Burke's personal history as is to be found in the notes to these letters."

The sources from which the contents of these four volumes are derived, and the principles on which the editors have proceeded, are thus stated:—

"Of the letters written by Burke, and now published, the most part were obtained many years ago, through the kindness of the persons to whom they were addressed, or of their representatives, in compliance with the applications of Dr. Laurence and the Bishop of Rochester. They were sent mostly in original, but a few in copy. Of the last, the greater part has been compared with the originals. A few additional letters in original have been obtained at a later period, and a very small number are printed from corrected drafts found amongst Mr. Burke's papers. Several letters, both to and from Mr. Burke, have, at various times since his death, and in various publications, been given by others to the world, without the authority of his executors or trustees. The rule adopted in the present publication has been, not to re-print any such letters, except in cases where their re-publication was essential to the illustration of his life or character at the period to which they belong. To the letters are added a few short pieces, which, though incomplete, are of some interest. Some papers written by his son Richard Burke, are also given in this collection."

The letters commence from the early date of 1744, when Mr. Burke was but sixteen years of age. The letters to Richard Shackleton, the son of his quaker schoolmaster, will be read with interest, as specimens of his early style, and evidences of both the pious and the poetical temperament which characterized the productions of his riper years. Portions of the letters to Shackleton are in verse. Some would, perhaps, find auguries of future renown in these juvenile rhymes, but we apprehend that many a boy who never grew up to be a great man has written better verses than the following:—

By the foul river's side we take our way,
Where Liffey rolls her dead dogs to the sea;
Arrived, at length, at our appointed stand,
By waves enclosed, the margin of the land,
Where once the sea with a triumphing roar,
Roll'd his huge billows to a distant shore.
There swam the dolphins, hid in waves unseen,
Where frisking lambs now crop the verdant green.

Secured by mounds of everlasting stone,
It stands for ever safe, unoverthrown.

In one letter to Shackleton is a striking account of Burke's collegiate pursuits, which he describes as a succession of *furors*:—

"You ask me if I read? I deferred answering this question, till I could say I did; which I can almost do, for this day I have shook off idleness and began to buckle to. I wish I could have said this to you, with truth, a month ago. It would have been of great advantage to me. My time was otherwise employed. Poetry, Sir, nothing but poetry, could go down with me; though I have read more than wrote. So you see I am far gone in the poetical madness, which I can hardly master, as, indeed, all my studies have rather proceeded from sallies of passion, than from the preference of sound reason; and like the nature of all other natural appetites, have been very violent for a season, and very soon cooled, and quite absorbed in the succeeding. I have often thought it a humorous consideration to observe, and sum up, all the madness of this kind I have fallen into, this two years past. First I was greatly taken with natural philosophy; which, while I should have given my mind to logic, employed me incessantly. This I call my *furor mathematicus*. But this worked off, as soon as I began to read it in the college; as men, by repletion, cast off their stomachs all they have eaten. Then I turned back to logic and metaphysics. Here I remained a good while, and with much pleasure, and this was my *furor logicus*; a disease very common in the days of ignorance, and very uncommon in these enlightened times. Next succeeded the *furor historicus*, which also had its day, but is now no more, being entirely absorbed in the *furor poeticus*, which (as skilful physicians assure me,) is as difficultly cured as a disease very nearly akin to it; namely, the itch."

Burke became a member of the Middle Temple in 1747, and although he was never called to the Bar, he prosecuted the study of the law for some time, and with his accustomed vigour. Writing from Monmouth in 1751, he remarks to Shackleton:—

"I hope my present studies may be attended with more success; at least, I have this comfort, that though a middling poet cannot be endured, there is some quarter for a middling lawyer. I read as much as I can (which is, however, but a little), and am but just beginning to know something of what I am about; which, till very lately, I did not. This study causes no difficulty to those who already understand it, and to those who never will understand it; and for all between those extremes, God knows they have a hard task of it. So much is certain, though the success is precarious; but that we must leave to Providence."

He gives an amusing and humorous account of the speculations which his residence at Monmouth, and afterwards at Turlaine, in Wilts, gave rise to. The companion of his studies at this time was a Mr. William Burke, a distant relative:—

"The most innocent scheme they guessed was that of fortune-hunting; and when they saw us quit the town without wives, then the lower sort sagaciously judged us spies to the French king. You will wonder that persons of no great figure should cause so much talk; but in a town very little frequented by strangers, with very little business to employ their bodies, and less speculation to take up their minds, the least thing sets them in motion, and supplies matter for their chat. What is much more odd is, that here, my companion and I puzzle them as much as we did at Monmouth; for this is a place of very great trade in making of fine cloths, in which they employ a vast number of hands. The first conjecture which they made was that we were authors, for they could not fancy how any other sort of people could spend so much of their time at books; but finding that we received from time to time a good many letters, they conclude us merchants; and so, from inference to inference, they at last began to apprehend that we were spies, from Spain, on their trade. Our little curiosity, perhaps, cleared us of that imputation; but still the whole appears very mysterious, and our good old woman cries, 'I believe that you be gentlemen, but I ask no questions;' and then

praises herself for her great caution and secrecy. What makes the thing still better, about the same time we came hither arrived a little parson, equally a stranger; but he spent a good part of his hours in shooting and other country amusements—got drunk at night, got drunk in the morning, and became intimate with everybody in the village. He surprised nobody: no questions were asked about him, because he lived like the rest of the world; but that two men should come into a strange country, and partake of none of the country diversions, seek no acquaintance, and live entirely reclusive, is something so inexplicable as to puzzle the wisest heads, even that of the parish clerk himself."

From a letter of the same year we find that Mr. Burke then meditated a remove to America. But the same letter alludes to his essay on the 'Sublime and Beautiful,' which had then been published, and the fame of this, as well as of the 'Vindication of Natural Society,' probably induced him to abandon the design of emigration. He sends Shackleton a copy of the 'Sublime and Beautiful,' and says—

"This letter is accompanied by a little performance of mine, which I will not consider as ineffectual, if it contributes to your amusement. It lay by me for a good while, and I at last ventured it out. It has not been ill received, so far as a matter on so abstracted a subject meets with readers. Will you accept it as a sort of offering in atonement for my former delinquencies? If I would not have you think that I have forgot you, so neither would I have your father, to whom I am under obligations that I neither can nor wish to shake off. I am really concerned for the welfare of you all, and for the credit of the school where I received the education that, if I am anything, has made me so."

We find a curious and valuable letter from Chief Justice Aston (C. J. of the Common Pleas in Ireland) to Mr. Secretary Hamilton. The editors observe that it is given to the public "as evidence, that eighty years ago there were disturbances in Ireland, arising from the very same causes as at present; and as perversely attributed then, as now, to matters wholly foreign to their real origin."

We believe the following to be the language of truth and soberness, and, *mutatis mutandis*, to be as true and instructive now, as in 1762:—

"In obedience to your commands, I have the satisfaction to assure you, that upon the strictest inquiry into the causes of the many outrages committed in the different parts of the province of Munster, there did not appear to me the least reason to impute those disturbances to disaffection to his Majesty, his government, or the laws in general; but, on the contrary, that these disorders really, and not colourably, took their rise from declared complaints and grievances of a private nature; and which, at the time of the several tumults, were the motives avowed by the rioters themselves; and not broached ostensibly only, when, in fact, some other cause or expectation was the latent spring of their actions. Whether the charge was burning houses, killing cattle, destroying mills, levelling inclosures, or disturbances of a different nature, to the possessions of others, no opportunity was missed of inquiring into the supposed inducement to the committing such an outrage; and it ever turned out to be the result of some local dissatisfaction, which these miserable delinquents affected to act upon by way of redress, though they ever pursued vindictive, rather than relevant measures, and were extravagantly daring and violent in the execution of them. The subject matter of their grievance was, chiefly, such as—price of labour too cheap—of victuals too dear—of land excessive and oppressive. In some instances their resentment proceeded against particular persons, from their having taken mills or bargains over the head of another (as it is vulgarly called), and so turning out, by a consent to an advanced price, the old tenant. Such was the nature of their complaints; to redress these, they acted in a very open and violent manner; and might, I think, have fallen under the statute of 25th Edward III., by carrying their schemes to such an excess as to magnify their crimes into a constructive

treason, of levying war against the king. But yet, daring as their proceedings were, there was no ingredient of any previous compact against government, or, as I may say, the original sin of high treason. I believe, indeed, that if the *Dey of Algiers* had landed, with any forces and a stand of arms, at such a time, people in such a temper of mind would have been readily induced to join him, or a prince of any religion, either for the sake of revenge, redress, or exchange of state, rather than continue in their conceived wretchedness. In the perpetration of these late disorders (however industriously the contrary has been promoted), Papist and Protestant were promiscuously concerned; and, in my opinion, the majority of the former is with more justice to be attributed to the odds of number in the country, than the influence arising from the difference of principles."

It is curious to find, that in the South of Ireland in 1762, as in Wales lately, the genius of insurgency assumed the feminine gender, exacting an oath of fidelity to "Sive and her children," as the Welsh peasantry recently did to "Rebecca and her daughters."

There is given an unfinished paper of Mr. Burke's, relative to the Irish disturbances of the same period, in which he traces those in the county of Cork entirely to a local cause, and to the machinations of a crazy Protestant attorney. Probably this race of incendiaries is not yet extinct in Munster.

There are a good many letters in relation to a pension of 300*l.* a year, which Mr. Burke obtained in 1763, in the viceroyalty of Lord Halifax, to compensate his political services to Mr. Secretary Hamilton. The editors observe:

"In those days such pensions were by no means unusual, and were held, without imputation or blame, by persons of station and character. Burke had been about two years with secretary Hamilton in Ireland, when this pension was granted; and he had during that time been actively and, no doubt, usefully employed in the service of government, though without any ostensible office or any salary. His connexion with Hamilton, as has been mentioned in a former note, had been of earlier date, beginning in 1759; and in applying for the pension, Hamilton probably had reference to the services which Burke had rendered him, prior to his appointment as chief secretary in Ireland."

The following stipulation of a man of genius with a minister of state, is an interesting proof of the reluctance with which a great intellect bows itself to the yoke imposed either by necessity or ambition. Burke writes thus to Hamilton in March 1763:—

"You may recollect, when you did me the honour to take me as a companion in your studies, you found me with the little work we spoke of last Tuesday, as a sort of rent-charge on my thoughts. I informed you of this, and you acquiesced in it. You are now so generous, (and it is but strict justice to allow, that upon all occasions you have been so,) to offer to free me from this burthen. But, in fact, though I am extremely desirous of deferring the accomplishment, I have no notion of entirely suppressing that work; and this upon two principles, not solely confined to that work, but which extend much farther, and indeed to the plan of my whole life. Whatever advantages I have acquired, and even that advantage which I must reckon as the greatest and most pleasing of them, have been owing to some small degree of literary reputation. It will be hard to persuade me that any further services which your kindness may propose for me, or any in which my friends may wish to co-operate with you, will not be greatly facilitated by doing something to cultivate and keep alive the same reputation. I am fully sensible, that this reputation may be at least as much hazarded, as forwarded, by new publications. But because a certain oblivion is the consequence, to writers of my inferior class, of an entire neglect of publication, I consider it such a risk as sometimes must be run. For this purpose, some short time, at convenient intervals, and especially at the dead time of the year, will be requisite to study and consult proper books. These times, as you very well know, cannot be easily defined; nor indeed is it necessary they should.

The matter may be very easily settled by a good understanding between ourselves; and by a discreet liberty, which I think you would not wish to restrain, nor I to abuse. I am not so unreasonable, nor absurd enough, to think I have any title to so considerable a share in your interest as I have had, and hope still to have, without any or but an insignificant return on my side; especially as I am conscious that my best and most continued endeavours are of no very great value. I know that your business ought, on all occasions, to have the preference; to be the first and the last, and, indeed, in all respects, the main concern. All I contend for is, that I may not be considered as absolutely excluded from all other thoughts, in their proper time and due subordination; the fixing the times for them, to be left entirely to yourself."

It would appear that Hamilton agreed to these stipulations, and that the pension was received on the faith of them. However, the connexion between Hamilton and Burke did not subsist long. It would appear that the former was too exacting, and the latter not sufficiently pliable. In a subsequent letter Burke thus addresses the secretary:—

"So far as to the past: with regard to the present, what is that unkindness and misbehaviour of which you complain? My heart is full of friendship to you; and is there a single point which the best and most intelligent men have fixed, as a proof of friendship and gratitude, in which I have been deficient, or in which I threaten a failure? What you blame is only this; that I will not consent to bind myself to you, for no less a term than my whole life, in a sort of domestic situation, for a consideration to be taken out of your private fortune; that is, to circumscribe my hopes, to give up even the possibility of liberty, and absolutely to annihilate myself for ever. I beseech you, is the demand, or refusal, the act of unkindness? If ever such a test of friendship was proposed, in any instance, to any man living, I admit that my conduct has been unkind; and, if you please, ungrateful."

The secretary thus replied:—

"Dear Sir,—As you thought it polite to answer my letter, I conclude you would think it impolite if I did not at least acknowledge yours. I have only to say, that I have thought as coolly as I can, and what is more, as I wish to think, upon a subject on which I am so much hurt. I approve entirely of your idea, that we should not write, in order to avoid altercation; and, for the same reason, I am of opinion we should not converse. Yours, &c."

In 1765 Mr. Burke escaped the golden chain. No passage in the biography of a public man affords a more instructive warning to rising talents than the fate of Mr. Burke's connexion with the Irish government under Lord Halifax, supposing him to represent truly in his letters his relations with Mr. Hamilton, and the losses of time and reputation he sustained in consequence of them. He thus writes to Mr. J. Henry Hutchinson, subsequently Provost of Trinity College, Dublin:—

"You are already apprized, by what Mr. H. has himself caused to be reported, that he has attempted to make a property—a piece of household goods of me, an attempt, in my poor opinion, as contrary to discretion as it is to justice; for he would fain have had a *slave*, which, as it is a being of no dignity, so it can be of very little real utility to its owner; and he refused to have a faithful *friend*, which is a creature of some rank, and (in whatever subject) no trivial or useless acquisition. But in this he is to be excused; for with as sharp and apprehensive parts, in many respects, as any man living, he never in reality did comprehend, even in theory, what friendship or affection was; being, as far as I was capable of observing, totally destitute of either friendship or enmity, but rather inclined to respect those who treat him ill."

* * Six of the best years of my life he took me from every pursuit of literary reputation, or of improvement of my fortune. In that time he made his own fortune (a very great one), and he has also taken to himself the very little one which I had made. In all this time, you may easily conceive how much I felt at seeing myself left behind by almost all my contemporaries. There never was a season more favour-

able for any man who chose to enter into the career of public life; and I think I am not guilty of ostentation, in supposing my own moral character, and my industry, my friends and connexions, when Mr. H. first sought my acquaintance, were not at all inferior to those of several whose fortune is, at this day, upon a very different footing from mine."

There are several interesting letters in the first volume, from James Barry, the historical painter, to Edmund and William Burke, who patronized his genius, and enabled him to improve himself, by a residence at Rome.

In a letter to Shackleton, 1768, Burke gives an account of the purchase of his seat at Beaconsfield, in Bucks.

"Again elected on the same interest, I have made a push, with all I could collect of my own, and the aid of my friends, to cast a little root in this country. I have purchased a house, with an estate of about six hundred acres of land, in Buckinghamshire, twenty-four miles from London, where I now am. It is a place exceedingly pleasant; and I propose (God willing) to become a farmer in good earnest. You, who are classical, will not be displeased to hear that it was formerly the seat of Waller the poet, whose house, or part of it, makes at present the farm-house within an hundred yards of me. When you take a journey to England, you are obliged, by tenure, to come and pay due homage to the capital seat of your once favourite poet."

Mr. Burke then represented Lord Verney's borough of Wendover. We quote the interesting note of the editors respecting "The Gregories," and its fate.

"This place, called Gregories in the more ancient deeds, and Gregories or Butler's Court in some of later date, continued from this time in the family of Burke, until the death of his widow, in 1812. It is situated about a mile from Beaconsfield, a market and post town in Buckinghamshire, twenty-three miles from London. Upon his first residing there, Burke dated his letters from Gregories, but soon after, probably to avoid the necessity of giving the name of the post town, in addition to that of the house, he dated from Beaconsfield; and continued to do so to the end of his life, but latterly spelling it Beconsfield. A considerable portion of the estate was wood-land, and there was a detached farm; but, surrounding the house, which was large and handsome, there was a considerable extent of arable and pasture land, which Burke delighted to cultivate, seeking in that occupation the most agreeable relaxation from the toils and vexations of politics. Some of his letters to the celebrated agriculturist, Arthur Young, given in this collection, show with what earnestness Burke entered into the details of his farm. The proximity of this place to London rendered it the easy resort of the most distinguished characters of the time, who sought Burke's society or advice. Here, also, he received with the greatest hospitality and attention, the numerous foreigners who desired his acquaintance. It was his greatest pleasure to accompany these strangers to the most beautiful places of this beautiful country, and especially to Windsor, which he had great pride in showing, as a residence worthy of British kings. When the French revolution drove a large portion of the nobility and clergy of France to England, Burke's house received many of the most distinguished, during any length of time they chose to remain; and for some, he procured lodgings in the town of Beaconsfield, requesting them to use his table as their own. Some years after her husband's death, Mrs. Burke sold the estate to Mr. Dupré, of Wilton Park, near Beaconsfield; reserving the occupation of the house, gardens, and some of the grass land of Gregories, for her life. On her death, in 1812, this portion of the property came into Mr. Dupré's hands. He let the house soon after to Mr. Jones, a clergyman, who kept a school there. On the 23rd of April, 1813, it was burned to the ground. The land is now laid out in farms, and hardly a trace remains, by which the residence of Burke can be distinguished."

A letter of Burke's, to Charles Townshend, noticing the imputation of the authorship of Junius, is worth quoting:—

"I am much obliged to you for the kind part you have taken, on the report of our friend Fitzherbert's

conversation about the author of Junius. You have done it in a manner that is just to me, and delicate to both of us. I am indeed extremely ready to believe, that he has had no share in circulating an opinion so very injurious to me, as that I am capable of treating the character of my friends, and even my own character, with levity, in order to be able to attack that of others with the less suspicion. When I have any thing to object to persons in power, they know very well, that I use no sort of managements towards them, except those which every honest man owes to his own dignity. If I thought it necessary to bring the same charges against them into a more public discussion than that of the House of Commons, I should use exactly the same freedom, making myself, in the same manner, liable to all the consequences. You observe very rightly, that no fair man can believe me to be the author of Junius. Such a supposition might tend, indeed, to raise the estimation of my powers of writing above their just value. Not one of my friends does, upon that flattering principle, give me for the writer; and when my enemies endeavour to fix Junius upon me, it is not for the sake of giving me the credit of an able performance. * * For some years, and almost daily, they have been abusing me in the public papers; and (among other pretences for their scurrility) as being the author of the letters in question. I have never once condescended to take the least notice of their invectives, or publicly to deny the fact upon which some of them were grounded. At the same time, to you, or to any of my friends, I have been as ready as I ought, in disclaiming in the most precise terms, writings, that are as superior perhaps to my talents, as they are most certainly different in many essential points from my regards and my principles."

Still more positively and distinctly he denies the authorship in a subsequent letter:—

"I have, I dare say, to nine-tenths of my acquaintance, denied my being the author of Junius, or having any knowledge of the author, as often as the thing was mentioned, whether in jest or earnest, in style of disapprobation or of compliment. Perhaps I may have omitted to do so to you, in any formal manner, as not supposing you to have any suspicion of me. I now give you my word and honour that I am not the author of Junius, and that I know not the author of that paper, and I do authorize you to say so."

This valuable collection of Letters is not to be disposed of in one notice. It abounds with interesting documents, and it is an additional proof, if proof were wanting, of the fertility of Mr. Burke, that, after sixteen volumes of his works have been published, four more are now given to the world, which will add to his reputation, and be received as an important contribution to literature.

The Dark Ages; a Series of Essays, intended to illustrate the State of Religion and Literature in the Ninth, Tenth, Eleventh, and Twelfth Centuries. By the Rev. S. R. Maitland, F.R.S., &c. Rivingtons.

No task could be more worthy of a scholar and divine so eminently distinguished as the author of this volume, than a vindication of institutions which had been misrepresented for centuries, and a defence of men who had been maligned by those to whom they had been generous benefactors. The "monks of old" have had hard measure dealt them; their property was confiscated for crimes which were never proved, and was divided amongst the minions of a court whose profligacy was notorious; their characters were aspersed by those who could not appreciate their merits, and by those who would not tell the truth when its evidence was strongest before them; novels were written to prove that monks were monsters; and fictions, still more outrageous, assuming the name of history, were received as authentic records of the vices of the cloister. "The dark ages of monkish superstitions" passed into a proverb, and a man incurred the danger of being denounced as "no good Pro-

testant" if he ventured to suggest that these much abused monasteries were in fact the refuge where science and learning found shelter from military barbarism and feudal ignorance; that they formed part of the ecclesiastical institutions which saved Europe from sinking, under successive tides of conquest, to the condition of Africa and Asia.

We have more than once protested against the sweeping condemnation pronounced on the mediæval state of Europe; we have shown, that in those days of apparent darkness the elements of life and light were silently accumulating and gradually collecting strength; when flood after flood of barbarians poured over Europe, the Romish Church collected whatever of mind survived the shock, and set intellect to work reconstructing the social edifice from the materials of its ruined structures:—

"It is impossible to get even a superficial knowledge of the mediæval history of Europe, without seeing how greatly the world of that period was indebted to the Monastic Orders; and feeling that, whether they were good or bad in other matters, monasteries were beyond all price in those days of misrule and turbulence, as places where (it may be imperfectly, yet better than elsewhere) God was worshipped—as a quiet and religious refuge for helpless infancy and old age, a shelter of respectful sympathy for the orphan maiden and the desolate widow—as central points whence agriculture was to spread over bleak hills, and barren downs, and marshy plains, and deal its bread to millions perishing with hunger and its pestilential train—as repositories of the learning which then was, and well-springs for the learning which was to be—as nurseries of art and science, giving the stimulus, the means, and the reward to invention, and aggregating around them every head that could devise, and every hand that could execute—as the nucleus of the city which in after-days of pride should crown its palaces and bulwarks with the towering cross of its cathedral."

Mr. Maitland fixes on Robertson and Jortin as the foremost libellers of the monastic orders, and shows strong cause for filing a criminal information against them as calumniators. The discussion of the reproaches which they heaped upon monastic institutions, leads Mr. Maitland into a minute examination of the authorities they have quoted, either at first or second hand, and the result convicts Robertson either of ignorance or misrepresentation. He charges the monks with being unable to read the Breviary in an age when the Breviary itself had no existence; he assumes that all who signed documents with a cross did so because they were unable to write, though he might easily have ascertained that this form of signature was a religious ceremony, and was regarded as a kind of manual oath; he quotes the authority of Muratori to prove, that "many monasteries of considerable note had only one missal," the passage in Muratori referring to a single place, and that not a monastery, but a locality where, on account of its spiritual destitution, a monastery was subsequently founded. The evidence adduced of the continuous study of the Bible, in the Monastic Ages, is complete, but it is so very minute in its details, that it could not easily be condensed; we shall, however, extract a few instances:—

"Anselm, bishop of Lucca, who died in the year 1086, according to his contemporary biographer, 'Knew almost all the holy scriptures by heart; and, as soon as he was asked, would tell what each and all the holy expositors thought on any particular point.' I think that I have referred to what William of Malmesbury, who lived within fifty years of the time, says of Wulstan bishop of Worcester's custom of repeating the whole psalter on his journeys, to keep his attendant clerks from such vain talk as is the common snare of travellers; but I will here add his testimony, that 'lying, standing, walking, sitting, he had always a psalm on his lips, always Christ in his heart.' Hariulf abbot of Aldenburg, and Lisnard

bishop of Soissons, contemporaries and biographers of Arnold bishop of Soissons, who died in the year 1087, tells us, that he did not speak a single word to any creature during three years and a half which he spent in constant reading of the word of God and meditation upon it. The contemporary biographer of Thierry abbot of St. Hubert in the Ardennes says, that he was so assiduous in reading the holy scriptures that he knew them by heart, and could quickly resolve even the most difficult, and obscure, questions respecting them. Of Wolphelm, abbot of Brunwillers near Cologne, who lived until the year 1091, his disciple says, that he so profited in the reading of the scriptures that what he once read he never forgot. This may perhaps be meant to refer to more general theological reading; but he adds, 'It is also worth while to mention that this man of the Lord caused the whole of the Old and New Testament to be read through every year. The four gospels, however, as they could not be read at the same time, and in the same order, as the other books, he appointed to be read at four periods of the year, by four deacons, in the four sides of the cloisters.'

We have read this work, both with pleasure and profit; and we think that the author has given the best proof of his firm adhesion to the Church of England, by showing that he is not afraid to do justice to its rival.

Poetry of Common Life; with a Preface by the late Thomas Arnold, D.D. Clarke.

ANYTHING with Dr. Arnold's name appended will long command attention. This work professes to consist of "such selections from some of our best poets as are calculated to call forth those feelings which all have in common; and by this means to gratify and improve the taste of a large class, who seldom enjoy the pleasures which poetry is capable of affording." The preface, written in 1832, from the pen of Dr. Arnold, is, as may be expected, a valuable (though brief) essay. It is an endeavour to counteract the mischief which arises from the false impression, that poetry is "a thing quite remote from common life and common people."

"The most natural thing in the world has," says Dr. Arnold, "been regarded as the most artificial; and one of the most ennobling pleasures of the human mind, and, at the same time, one most within the reach of every one, has been thought to belong almost exclusively to the rich, like the luxuries of the table, or the splendour of a great establishment. Nor is this merely owing to aristocratical pride in the richer classes, or to their wish to keep a monopoly of enjoyment to themselves. It arises out of real honest ignorance of the nature of poetry, and of the almost universal capacity of taking delight in it; for there is no doubt that Mr. Cobbett would go along with the highest aristocrat in laughing at the notion of the poor reading poetry; not because he would think them not fit to enjoy it, but because he would consider it as not fit to be studied by them: he would regard it as a mere rich man's toy, which none but the idle, or the silly, would hold it worth their while to study. No error has ever arisen without something to make it less absurd than we might at first sight suppose it. In the present case it has accidentally happened that the language of poetry for many years in this country was quite unnatural, and the subjects to which it was confined were not capable of exciting general interest. And not in this country only, but in many others, as the rich had most means of rewarding the writers of poetry, so it was naturally made suitable to their tastes; and the subjects chosen, and the style in which they were treated, were both adapted to the turn of mind of the richer classes; and for that very reason—such has been the unhappy separation between the different parts of society—they have been less agreeable and less intelligible to the mass of the community. But this does not make it less true that poetry, in itself, may be one of the most universal pleasures of mankind. By poetry we mean certain feelings expressed in certain language. Poetical feelings are merely, in other words, all the highest and purest feelings of our nature,—feelings, therefore, which, considering what

we generally are, cannot but be of rare occurrence. It has been truly said, that

"Our better mind
Is like a Sunday's garment, then put on
When we have nought to do,—but at our work
We wear a worse for thrift."

Our common temper, therefore, which is but too generally cold, and selfish, and worldly, is altogether unpoetical; but let anything occur to put us above ourselves, anything to awaken our devotion, our admiration, or our love—any danger to call forth our courage, any distress to awaken our pity, any great emergency to demand the sacrifice of our own comfort, or interest, or credit, for the sake of others, then we experience for the time a *poetical temper*, and *poetical feelings*; for the very essence of poetry is, that it exalts and ennobles us, and puts us into a higher state of mind than that which we are commonly living in."

He next treats of poetic diction, or language:—

"When we are feeling any strong passion it instantly alters our manner of speaking from that which we practise on common occasions. It clenches away all that is mean and vulgar, all that is dull and tiresome in our language; and renders it at once spirited, noble, and pithy. The mind being highly excited, becomes more than usually active; it catches with great quickness every impression given by surrounding objects; it seizes rapidly every point in which they may seem to express sympathy with its own feelings. Hence its language is full of images and comparisons; it is unusually rich and beautiful, that is, it crowds together a number of ideas in a short space, and expresses them in the most lively manner, because its conception of them is keen and vivid. Again, the very tone of the voice is altered, it becomes more rapid and animated, and the flow of our words is less broken, and more measured and musical, than in common unexcited conversation. This will be understood in a moment by just turning to the poetical parts of the Bible: for instance, let any one observe the difference between the two first chapters of the Book of Job, which contain the mere story, and those which immediately follow them. He will find his tone and manner of reading, if he be reading aloud, change instantly in going from the second chapter to the third. *Poetical language* is, in truth, the language of excited feeling; and this is what was meant by saying that as every man has been in a poetical state of mind at some time or other of his life, so almost every man must, in some degree, however imperfect, have expressed himself on such occasions in poetical language."

What he says on the reverence with which we should approach the productions of genius, is of the utmost importance to every student who is solicitous for the formation of a correct taste:—

"The works of great poets require to be approached at the outset with a full faith in their excellence: the reader must be convinced that if he does not fully admire them, it is his fault and not theirs. This is no more than a just tribute to their reputation; in other words, it is the proper modesty of an individual thinking his own unpractised judgment more likely to be mistaken than the concurring voice of the public. And it is the property of the greatest works of genius in other departments also, that a first view of them is generally disappointing; and if a man were foolish enough to go away trusting more to his own hasty impressions than to the deliberate judgment of the world, he would remain continually as blind and ignorant as he was at the beginning. The cartoons of Raphael, at Hampton Court Palace—the frescoes of the same great painter in the galleries of the Vatican, at Rome—the famous statues of the Laocoon and the Apollo Belvidere—and the Church of St. Peter, at Rome, the most magnificent building perhaps in the world—all alike are generally found to disappoint a person on his first view of them. But let him be sure that they are excellent, and that he only wants the knowledge and the taste to appreciate them properly, and every succeeding sight of them will open his eyes more and more, till he learns to admire them, not indeed as much as they deserve, but so much as greatly to enrich and enlarge his own mind, by becoming acquainted with such perfect beauty. So it is with great poets: they must be read

often and studied reverently, before an unpractised mind can gain anything like an adequate notion of their excellence. Meanwhile, the process is in itself most useful: it is a good thing to doubt our own wisdom, it is a good thing to believe, it is a good thing to admire. By continually looking upwards, our minds will themselves grow upwards; and as a man, by indulging in habits of scorn and contempt for others, is sure to descend to the level of what he despises, so the opposite habits of admiration and enthusiastic reverence for excellence impart to ourselves a portion of the qualities which we admire; and here, as in everything else, humility is the surest path to exaltation."

We now dismiss this little book, which, if for the Preface alone, ought to be acceptable.

The Memoirs of the Conquistador Bernal Diaz del Castillo. Written by Himself. Containing a True and Full Account of the Discovery and Conquest of Mexico and New Spain. Translated from the Original Spanish by J. I. Lockhart, F.R.A.S. 2 vols. Hatchard & Son.

Mr. Lockhart's translation is one of those works for which we are indebted to that new and spreading interest awakened by the labours of Humboldt and his successors, in the field of Mexican antiquity. The magnificent remains of an extinct civilization brought to light, in various parts of the great American continent, have conferred an additional value on such descriptions of the ancient Aztec splendour as record the impressions of credible witnesses, when first it rose upon their astonished senses, like a bewildering dream. From the more polished pictures, and philosophic estimates, of historians like Robertson and Prescott (the latter of whose histories was reviewed, in this paper, not long ago, Nos. 836 and 837), it will interest many to turn to such direct testimonies as are furnished by the Despatches of the Conquistador leader, Cortes (a translation of which we also noticed, in No. 829), or the quaint simple chronicling of this old soldier, a Conquistador himself, and perhaps the most trustworthy amongst the narrators of the events of that conquest, so far as he had the capacity for discerning them. The strange, wild incidents of that extraordinary tale come out, in all their freshness, in the curious details of Bernal Diaz; and the scenes of social magnificence amid which they are laid, tell wonderfully in the rude sketching and unpremeditated cumulation of his pen. It is true, that the march itself, and the scenes through which it passed, have alike a different aspect to the reader of this day, from that which they wore to Bernal Diaz; but it is one of the strongest testimonies to the honesty of the old chronicler and the value of his chronicle, that the materials for this improved judgment are all, unconsciously, furnished by himself. The upright and earnest narrator had no wish either to suppress or colour; and motives and meanings are avowed with a simplicity which is not the least amusing quality of his volumes. There is no concealing, for instance, that this extraordinary conquest originated in a mere vulgar desire for plunder; and was pursued (through dangers and by deeds that make of the Conquistadores a band of heroes, if men can be heroes who do great things from little motives) under the influence of the meanest of all passions—the love of gold. As gold, then, was the impelling spirit, so gold was the measure of the magnificence which they found. All things which appealed to their judgment were seen in its yellow atmosphere. The book of Bernal Diaz reads like a "golden legend"—the stream of his narrative flows on, like another Pactolus, amid all the varieties of the current, gold being ever at the bottom of its movement. The reader is in a perpetual El

Dorado, where the spirit of gold is as active as at the marriage of Miss Kilmansegg. For gold, these heroes in the field became petty pilferers in quarters—from all around them and from each other. The only way to blind them was to throw gold—"dust in their eyes." For the moral and political elements, which, in our day, are understood to be involved in the question of civilization, they had no apprehension—gold was their standard of value:—for the qualities of kindness, generosity, and forbearance which made the best part of Montezuma's greatness they had no discernment—their spirits, like their bodies, hung in chains of gold. The Mexican emperor was a great monarch, because his coffers were exhaustless,—and Mexico was a mighty empire, because its rivers ran gold.

As with the scenery of the narrative, so, also, with its incidents,—the spirit that reads them is a new one from that in which Bernal Diaz wrote. It is amusing to see the sort of undoubting faith with which Cortes and his companions are represented as wielding "the sword of the Lord and of Gideon,"—the easy unconsciousness with which the transparent mask of a religious purpose was worn, and the daring villanies that were perpetrated under its cover. In theology, certainly, Cortes was not strong. The sword of Gideon, in his hands, was far from being a sharp argument; and it was generally found that the aid of a more trenchant weapon was necessary to enforce its logic. The "stones and slings" of reasoning, wielded by him, rarely carried to their mark in the forehead of his opponent—whereupon he resorted to the more carnal instrument, which grew to be "like a weaver's beam." It was Cortes' easy and simple way, in township or in city, to enter into the high places of their immemorial gods—places surrounded by the sanctities of a superstition which was a part of their very natures,—and informing them, "o' the sudden," that their idols were impostors, to present them with an image of the Virgin Mary, which he requested might instantly take their place. For this they could rarely, at first, see any good reason; and we, in our day, are not greatly surprised at their dulness; but the Conquistador was "seated on his horse;" the Spaniard would explain, to an assembled people, as propositions of the utmost simplicity, that he had come from a far country to oblige them, by the substitution of a prince called Don Carlos for their monarch Montezuma, and depose the gods Huitzilopochtli and Tetzcatlipuca, in favour of the Virgin. "We have already a master, and cannot help feeling astonished that you, who have but just arrived and know nothing of us, should, this instant, wish to impose a master on us;—and "How can you ask us to abandon our gods, whom we have adored for so many years, and prayed and sacrificed to them?" were answers reasonably to be expected, "till further advice." The ordinary rejoinder, however, in such cases, was, that "a great number of these people were put to the sword, and some were burnt alive, to prove the deceitfulness of their false gods," and the sovereign rights of Don Carlos. Then, when the argument was complete, the Conqueror would take tribute, in gold and women, from his gratified converts. The former of these articles, the *opima spolia*, by an inherent virtue in itself, needed no form of purification, but passed at once from the coffers of the idolaters into the pockets of the Conquistadores, as a thing sacred enough for the *sacra fames* which it fed—but never satisfied. But the women Cortes in no case omitted to regenerate, by the rite of baptism, ere he distributed them, as concubines, among his soldiers!

All these things are, as we have said, set

down by the quaint old soldier with the most delicious unreserve, in language picturesque from its very plainness, and in a manner as instructive as it is amusing. Much of the false after-philosophy with which the subject of the conquest has been surrounded, fades away in the artificial page of the early chronicler. The lights of the theme are here tempered by all their shadows. The fancy which the later Spanish writers took captive with the swords of the Conquistadores is here set free, and on the very field of their prowess. The weapon of honest Bernal Diaz struck on one side of the question only, but his pen shows both. It is Mr. Lockhart's opinion—and for the translator of Bernal Diaz's book a very strange one—that "the Spaniards were not the cruel monsters they have been generally described during those times. As far as the conquest of New Spain is concerned, they were more humane than otherwise; and if at times they used severity, we find that it was caused by the horrible and revolting abominations which were practised by the natives. We can scarcely imagine kinder-hearted beings than the first priests and monks who went out to New Spain." In so far as the translator makes a special application of this latter observation to the Father Olmedo, who went out with Cortes, we agree with him. The reader of Bernal Diaz's narrative yields an unresisting belief to all it tells; and there is proof of great prudence and moderation on the part of this father, for a priest following in the wake of a conquering and propagandist army. It is apparent that he often kept Cortes, over whom he had great influence, in check; but to Mr. Lockhart's view of the *humanities* exercised by the Spaniards generally in New Spain, we demur. We gather from Bernal Diaz that the conquest of that country was begun in cupidity, and pursued by a treachery so profligate, a hypocrisy so detestable, a butchery so cold-blooded and systematic, an ingratitude so foul and monstrous, that the more ferocious doings of Pizarro, in Peru, were needed to redeem it from being, amid all its brilliancy, one of the most disgraceful pages in the world's history. With all his religious professions, however, and all his superstition, there is a shrewdness about this old writer which makes it very doubtful how far he suspected the worthlessness of some of the spells with which he and his friends were conjuring. The spirit uppermost throughout his book, after the desire to tell the truth, is the wish to take so much of the entire fame of the conquest from Cortes as properly belong to his brothers in arms; and the wounded feeling of the soldier, acting on a candid nature, helps him to a very clear appreciation of the qualities of his great leader. But it is amusing to see the same candid nature struggling with some superstition which was of the armoury of the conquerors, as superstitions have been with conquerors of all time:—

"Francisco Lopez de Gomara, in his account of this battle, says, that previous to the arrival of Cortes with the cavalry, the holy apostle St. Jacob or St. Peter in person had galloped up on a gray-coloured horse to our assistance. I can only say, that for the exertion of our arms and this victory, we stand indebted to our Lord Jesus Christ; and that in this battle every individual man among us was set upon by such numbers of the enemy, that if each of them had merely thrown a handful of earth upon us we should have been buried beneath it. Certain it is, therefore, that God showed his mercy to us here, and it may, indeed, have been one of the two glorious apostles St. Jacob or St. Peter who thus came to our assistance. Perhaps on account of my sins I was not considered worthy of the good fortune to behold them; for I could only see Francisco de Morla on his brown horse galloping up with Cortes, and even at this very moment, while I am writing this, I can fancy I see all passing before my eyes just as I have related it; although I, an unworthy sinner, was not considered

worthy of beholding one of the glorious apostles face to face: yet again I never heard any of the four hundred soldiers, nor ever Cortes himself, nor any of the many cavaliers, mention this wonder, or confirm its truth. We should certainly have built a church, and have called the town *Santiago*, or *San Pedro de la Vitoria*, and not *Santa Maria de la Vitoria*. If, therefore, what Gomara relates is true, then we must indeed have been had Christians not to have paid greater respect to the assistance which God sent us in the person of his holy apostles, and for having omitted to thank him daily for it in his own church. Nevertheless, I should feel delighted if this historian has spoken the truth, although I must confess that I never heard this wonder mentioned before reading his book, nor have I ever heard any of the Conquistadores speak of it who were present at the battle.

"We must now turn to the Mexican generals, and relate how they announced their victory to Motecusuma, and sent him the head of Arguello, who most likely died on the road of his wounds. We afterwards learnt that Motecusuma was quite horror-struck at the sight of this enormous head with the thick curly beard. He could not bear to look at it, and would not allow the head to be brought near any of the temples in Mexico, but ordered it to be presented to the idols of some other town; yet he inquired how it came that his troops, which had been many thousands in number, had not been able to overthrow such a handful of teules? His captains replied, that notwithstanding all their courageous fighting they had not been able to make the Spaniards give way, because a great Spanish *teeciciguala* (goddess) had stood at their head, who had filled the Mexicans with fear, and animated the teules by her speeches. Motecusuma was convinced that this illustrious warrior was the Virgin Mary, who, we had told him, with her heavenly Son, whom she held in her arms, was our strong rock. This wonderful apparition I did not behold with mine own eyes, as I was at the time in Mexico. However, several of the Conquistadores spoke of it as a fact; and may it please God that it was so. It is, however, certainly true that the blessing of the Virgin Mary was always upon us."

The character of Cortes, as we have said, stands out in strong, clear lights, in the page of this old chronicler; and we get a wonderful insight—far more distinct than is usually obtained of the hearts of conquerors—into its component qualities and motive springs. The conquest of Mexico, divested of rhetorical colouring, and narrated bit by bit, in simple terms, instead of losing by the process, seems even a more wonderful thing for that simplicity. The march of a body of only four or five hundred men, who set out at first with the mere view of enriching themselves by discovery, not as conquerors, through six thousand miles of a country hostile and unknown, swarming with a population all whose prejudices they came to attack—the penetrating, in spite of myriads of opponents, into the very metropolis of the land, full of life, and abounding in wealth—the seizure of its powerful monarch in his own palace, and imprisonment in his own vast and strong capital, where his friends were as ten thousand to one, amount to little less than a miracle. That these conquerors carried fire-arms, and rode horses, which the Mexicans had never seen, is not enough to give anything like an account of the immense disproportion between the agency and the end. They were more effectually helped by a tradition long entertained amongst the Mexicans, that a people should come "from the rising of the sun" to conquer those countries:—

"He (Motecusuma) told me," says Cortes, in his despatches to his sovereign, "We have long known, from the historical books of our forefathers, that neither I, nor the inhabitants of this country, originally belonged to it, but that our forefathers came from distant countries. We also know that the tribe we belong to was brought hither by a monarch to whom it was subject; but this king returned to his own country, nor did he return to visit his people till several years had elapsed, after they

had married the daughters of the land, and got large families by them. The monarch came with the view of leading them back to their old country again; however, they not only refused to accompany them, but would no longer acknowledge him as their king. We have always firmly believed that descendants of this monarch would one time or other make their appearance among us, and obtain the dominion of the country. As you, according to your assurances, come from the rising of the sun, we doubt not, after what you have told us of your great monarch, who sent you here, that he is our rightful sovereign; and we have the more reason to believe this, since you tell us that he had some previous knowledge of us."

But there is something of miracle in everything connected with this matter. The sudden and extraordinary aptitude which Cortes, who had given no previous proof of talent, showed for command—his extraordinary fertility of resource, enlarging with the occasion, and ruling all minds and circumstances to his will—observation the most acute, and invention the most skilful—and still more his extraordinary fortune itself,—all things were combining to advance him to what the world calls greatness, while many things seemed holding him back. Appointed to the command of the expedition of discovery which Velasquez sent out from Cuba, when the crusade for gold had begun, amid much rivalry and violent opposition, he had scarcely sailed, ere that governor sent after to recall him. Messenger after messenger followed to bring him back, and stayed to join his party;—ships were despatched with his supersedeas—and induced to swell his armament. His fortunes prospered on the very means taken to thwart them—destructive accidents grew into the nourishment of his greatness—his schemes enlarged by the conversion of all the obstacles which rose up to oppose them—and he who left Cuba little better than a buccaner, rode into Mexico one of the conquerors of the world! Here is the *great side* of Bernal Diaz's medal—and its reverse is as clearly made out. He stole the fleet of his patron, and set up with it for himself—slaughtered, without reckoning the cost of human life, wherever money could be made of it,—descended to every practical meanness for the same base object— withheld from his own soldiers their share of the spoil, and pilfered from them, besides, whenever he could—burglariously broke into the place of Montezuma's treasure, while he was his honoured guest—seized his person and dragged him to imprisonment when loaded with his favours, and in the very moment of taking further gifts, including one of his daughters, at his hands—subjected him to every species of insult and extortion, on pretences utterly vile—forced him to stand between his own danger and the infuriated populace of the city, when they rose in re-action and for the monarch's rescue, where the unhappy prince met his death at the hands of his unconscious subjects—deceived all who trusted him—and, finally, having stolen the gold of his men, stole their laurels, too,—left his friends and fellow-Conquistadores in the lurch,—went home to Spain—and became Marquis del valle Oaxaca.

Of the person and habits of the generous prince who perished before this remarkable expedition,—and whom our author calls, always, Motecusuma—we will give that writer's description:—

"The mighty Motecusuma may have been about this time in the fortieth year of his age. He was tall of stature, of slender make, and rather thin, but the symmetry of his body was beautiful. His complexion was not very brown, merely approaching to that of the inhabitants in general. The hair of his head was not very long, excepting where it hung thickly down over his ears, which were quite hidden by it. His black beard, though thin, looked handsome. His countenance was rather of an elongated

form, but cheerful; and his fine eyes had the expression of love or severity, at the proper moments. He was particularly clean in his person, and took a bath every evening. Besides a number of concubines, who were all daughters of persons of rank and quality, he had two lawful wives of royal extraction, whom, however, he visited secretly without any one daring to observe it, save his most confidential servants. He was perfectly innocent of any unnatural crimes. The dress he had on one day was not worn again until four days had elapsed. In the halls adjoining his own private apartments there was always a guard of 2,000 men of quality, in waiting; with whom, however, he never held any conversation unless to give them orders or to receive some intelligence from them. Whenever for this purpose they entered his apartment, they had first to take off their rich costumes and put on meager garments, though these were always neat and clean; and were only allowed to enter into his presence barefooted, with eyes cast down. No person durst look at him full in the face, and during the three prostrations which they were obliged to make before they could approach him, they pronounced these words: 'Lord! my Lord! sublime Lord!' Everything that was communicated to him was to be said in few words, the eyes of the speaker being constantly cast down, and on leaving the monarch's presence he walked backwards out of the room. I also remarked that even princes and other great personages who come to Mexico respecting law-suits, or on other business from the interior of the country, always took off their shoes and changed their whole dress for one of a meager appearance when they entered his palace. Neither were they allowed to enter the palace straightway, but had to show themselves for a considerable time outside the doors; as it would have been considered want of respect to the monarch if this had been omitted. Above 300 kinds of dishes were served up for Motecusuma's dinner from his kitchen, underneath which were placed pans of porcelain filled with fire, to keep them warm. 300 dishes of various kinds were served up for him alone, and above 1,000 for the persons in waiting. He sometimes, but very seldom, accompanied by the chief officers of his household, ordered the dinner himself, and desired that the best dishes and various kinds of birds should be called over to him. We were told that the flesh of young children, as a very dainty bit, was also set before him sometimes by way of a relish. Whether there was any truth in this we could not possibly discover; on account of the great variety of dishes, consisting in fowls, turkeys, pheasants, partridges, quails, tame and wild geese, venison, musk swine, pigeons, hares, rabbits, and of numerous other birds and beasts; besides which there were various other kinds of provisions, indeed it would have been no easy task to call them all over by name. This I know, however, for certain, that after Cortes had reproached him for the human sacrifices and the eating of human flesh, he issued orders that no dishes of that nature should again be brought to his table. I will, however, drop this subject, and rather relate how the monarch was waited on while he sat at dinner. If the weather was cold, a large fire was made with a kind of charcoal made of the bark of trees, which emitted no smoke, but threw out a delicious perfume; and that his majesty might not feel any inconvenience from too great a heat, a screen was placed between his person and the fire, made of gold, and adorned with all manner of figures of their gods. The chair on which he sat was rather low, but supplied with soft cushions, and was beautifully carved; the table was very little higher than this, but perfectly corresponded with his seat. It was covered with white cloths, and one of a larger size. Four very neat and pretty young women held before the monarch a species of round pitcher, called by them Xicalas, filled with water to wash his hands in. The water was caught in other vessels, and then the young women presented him with towels to dry his hands. Two other women brought him maise-bread baked with eggs. Before, however, Motecusuma began his dinner, a kind of wooden screen, strongly gilt, was placed before him, that no one might see him while eating, and the young women stood at a distance. Next four elderly men, of high rank, were admitted to his table; whom he addressed from time to time, or put some ques-

tions to them. Sometimes he would offer them a plate of some of his viands, which was considered a mark of great favour. These grey-headed old men, who were so highly honoured, were, as we subsequently learnt, his nearest relations, most trustworthy counsellors and chief justices. Whenever he ordered any viand to be presented them, they ate it standing, in the deepest veneration, though without daring to look at him full in the face. The dishes in which the dinner was served up were of variegated and black porcelain, made at Cholulla. While the monarch was at table, his courtiers, and those who were in waiting in the halls adjoining, had to maintain strict silence. After the hot dishes had been removed, every kind of fruit which the country produced was set on the table; of which, however, Motecusuma ate very little. Every now and then was handed to him a golden pitcher filled with a kind of liquor made from the cacao, which is of a very exciting nature. Though we did not pay any particular attention to the circumstance at the time, yet I saw about fifty large pitchers filled with the same liquor brought in all frothy. This beverage was also presented to the monarch by women, but all with the profoundest veneration. * * * Motecusuma had also two arsenals filled with arms of every description, of which many were ornamented with gold and precious stones. These arms consisted in shields of different sizes, sabres, and a species of broadsword, which is wielded with both hands, the edge furnished with flint stones, so extremely sharp that they cut much better than our Spanish swords; further, lances of greater length than ours, with spikes at their end, full one fathom in length, likewise furnished with several sharp flint stones. The pikes are so very sharp and hard that they will pierce the strongest shield, and cut like a razor; so that the Mexicans even shave themselves with these stones. Then there were excellent bows and arrows, pikes with single and double points, and the proper things to throw them with; slings with round stones purposely made for them; also a species of large shield, so ingeniously constructed that it could be rolled up when not wanted; they are only unrolled on the field of battle, and completely cover the whole body from the head to the feet. Further, we saw here a great variety of cuirasses made of quilted cotton, which were outwardly adorned with soft feathers of different colours, and looked like uniforms; morions and helmets constructed of wood and bones, likewise adorned with feathers. There were always artificers at work, who continually augmented this store of arms; and the arsenals were under the care of particular personages, who also superintended the works. Motecusuma had likewise a variety of aviaries, and it is indeed with difficulty that I constrain myself from going into too minute a detail respecting these. * * * I will now, however, turn to another subject, and rather acquaint my readers with the skilful arts practised among the Mexicans: among which I will first mention the sculptors, and the gold and silver-smiths, who were clever in working and smelting gold, and would have astonished the most celebrated of our Spanish goldsmiths: the number of these was very great, and the most skilful lived at a place called Ecceapuzalco, about four miles from Mexico. After these came the very skilful masters in cutting and polishing precious stones and the calchihuis, which resemble the emerald. Then follow the great masters in painting, and decorators in feathers, and the wonderful sculptors. Even at this day there are living in Mexico three Indian artists, named Marcos de Aguino, Juan de la Cruz, and El Crespello, who have severally reached to such great proficiency in the art of painting and sculpture, that they may be compared to an Apelles, or our contemporaries Michael Angelo and Bernugete. The women were particularly skilful in weaving and embroidery, and they manufactured quantities of the finest stuffs, interwoven with feathers. The commoner stuffs, for daily use, came from some townships in the province of Costatlan, which lay on the north coast, not far from Vera Cruz, where we first landed with Cortes."

Our readers will remember, that we quoted from Mr. Prescott's volumes, the description of the splendid city of Mexico when Cortes and his band of heroes first beheld it, as given by the leader, himself. Surrounding the lake, amid

whose waters rose the sovereign city, were, then a series of large towns, all of which have long since perished. "The spot where Iztapalapan stood," says Bernal Diaz, "is, at present all dry land; and where vessels once sailed up and down, harvests are gathered." The scene of that earlier day he thus describes:—

"The next morning we reached the broad high road of Iztapalapan, whence we for the first time beheld the numbers of towns and villages built in the lake, and the still greater number of large townships on the mainland, with the level causeway which ran in a straight line into Mexico. Our astonishment was indeed raised to the highest pitch, and we could not help remarking to each other, that all these buildings resembled the fairy castles we read of in *Amadis de Gaul*; so high, majestic, and splendid did the temples, towers, and houses of the town, all built of massive stone and lime, rise up out of the midst of the lake. Indeed, many of our men believed what they saw was a mere dream. And the reader must not feel surprised at the manner in which I have expressed myself, for it is impossible to speak coolly of things which we had never seen nor heard of, nor even could have dreamt of, beforehand."

The first meeting of the Mexican monarch, amid this scene of splendours, is worth quoting, in the words of Bernal Diaz:—

"When we had arrived at a spot where another narrow causeway led towards Cojohuacann we were met by a number of caziques and distinguished personages, all attired in their most splendid garments. They had been despatched by Motecusuma to meet us and bid us welcome in his name; and in token of peace they touched the ground with their hands and kissed it. Here we halted for a few minutes, while the princes of Tetzcucan, Iztapalapan, Tlacupa, and Cojohuacann hastened in advance to meet Motecusuma, who was slowly approaching us, surrounded by other grandees of the kingdom, seated in a sedan of uncommon splendour. When we had arrived at a place not far from the town, where several small towers rose together, the monarch raised himself in his sedan, and the chief caziques supported him under the arms, and held over his head a canopy of exceedingly great value, decorated with green feathers, gold, silver, calchihuis stones, and pearls, which hung down from a species of bordering, altogether curious to look at. * * * Motecusuma himself, according to his custom, was sumptuously attired, had on a species of half-boot, richly set with jewels, and whose soles were made of solid gold. The four grandees who supported him were also richly attired, which they must have put on somewhere on the road, in order to wait upon Motecusuma; they were not so sumptuously dressed when they first came out to meet us. Besides these distinguished caziques, there were many other grandees around the monarch, some of whom held the canopy over his head, while others again occupied the road before him, and spread cotton cloths on the ground that his feet might not touch the bare earth. No one of his suite ever looked at him full in the face; every one in his presence stood with eyes downcast, and it was only his four nephews and cousins who supported him that durst look up. * * * When it was announced to Cortes that Motecusuma himself was approaching, he alighted from his horse and advanced to meet him. Many compliments were now passed on both sides. Motecusuma bid Cortes welcome, who, through Marina, said, in return, he hoped his majesty was in good health. If I still remember rightly, Cortes, who had Marina next to him, wished to concede the place of honour to the monarch, who, however, would not accept of it, but conceded it to Cortes, who now brought forth a necklace of precious stones, of the most beautiful colours and shapes, strung upon gold wire, and perfumed with musk, which he hung about the neck of Motecusuma. Our commander was then going to embrace him, but the grandees by whom he was surrounded held back his arms, as they considered it improper. Our general then desired Marina to tell the monarch how exceedingly he congratulated himself upon his good fortune of having seen such a powerful monarch face to face, and of the honour he had done us by coming out to meet us himself. To all this Motecusuma answered in very appropriate terms, and ordered his two

nephews, the princes of Tetzcuco and Cojohacan, to conduct us to our quarters. He himself returned to the city, accompanied by his two other relatives, the princes of Cuicahuac and Tlacupa, with the other grandees of his numerous suite. As they passed by, we perceived how all those who composed his majesty's retinue held their heads bent forward, no one daring to lift up his eyes in his presence; and altogether what deep veneration was paid him.

The road before us now became less crowded, and yet who would have been able to count the vast numbers of men, women, and children who filled the streets, crowded the balconies, and the canoes in the canals, merely to gaze upon us? Indeed, at the moment I am writing this, everything comes as lively to my eyes as if it had happened yesterday; and I daily become more sensible of the great mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ, that he lent us sufficient strength and courage to enter this city: for my own person, I have particular reason to be thankful that he spared my life in so many perils, as the reader will sufficiently see in the course of this history: indeed I cannot sufficiently praise him that I have been allowed to live thus long to narrate these adventures, although they may not turn out so perfect as I myself could wish."

But we must pause, for the present,—reserving some further extracts from the pleasant chronicler, for another occasion.

The Industrial Resources of Ireland. By Robert Kane, M.D. Dublin, Hodges & Smith.

POLITICIANS and empirics are never wanting with "preceptive medicines" and sanatory suggestions; but elaborated in "cloudland," or evolved by the force of selfishness—"moonshine" and mendacity have generally marked their results. Amid the rank fertility of modern plans of amelioration and aggrandisement, that one is eminently fortunate which escapes association with "South Sea" or "Utopia;" indeed, pamphleteers and demagogues have so overburdened public attention with propositions at once impossible, absurd and contradictory, that indifference to them all is the penalty they have deservedly incurred. There has been so much of sciolism and the bigotry of party in the brochures of political quacks, that we shrink instinctively at their bare announcement. Nowhere has this evil, at any time, been so luxuriant as just now in Ireland. It is not our province to arraign any party, but in the examination of their respective productions it is often difficult to restrain, a something, which might be termed contempt; so much, indeed, is the violence of politics involved in Irish literature, that impartial criticism cannot act without the fear of treading upon some prejudice, and frequently, but for the peremptory monitions of duty, the name of "Ireland" in the title-page, would deter the critic from perusal.

Dr. Kane, however, comes not under the category of "spolascoos": he stands not forward as the protagonist of any section of his countrymen, nor does he profess to heal their social infirmities by the talismanic influence of nostrum and pseudo-nationality. A wide-minded wisdom and clear judgment place him above and beyond the present spirit of his country, and stamp his views with a breadth and comprehensiveness of patriotism, that desires not a class monopoly, but a general good. In exhibiting the 'Industrial Resources of Ireland,' he holds up a torch to guide his countrymen to prosperity, and not a false light to lure English capital to wreck. Sensible of Ireland's need—proudly conscious of her innate power—sick of her "Quixotism," and anxious for her moral and industrial advance, he has given the varied powers of his mind to the investigation of her capabilities, and proclaims the result, to teach his countrymen that the elements of prosperity, yes, even of national greatness, are in their land,

and require in themselves only purpose, agreement, and exertion, to eliminate them.

Sir Walter Scott, in "Peter Peebles versus Plainstones," powerfully illustrated how demoralizing and exhausting may be the prosecution of a positive but difficult right, if unaccompanied with the wholesomeness of collateral industry; Dr. Kane's book, wisely waiving the discussion of Ireland's political demand, demonstrates, notwithstanding, and with severe truth too, how the fever of political excitement, "that nightmare life-in-death" of the country, has led to the neglect of its abundant national advantages, and, through that neglect, chiefly, induced the poverty which lends acerbity to its politics, and a pretext for its agitation. Teeming with the internal means of recruiting her faded prosperity, but estranged from their employment by the stimulus of an interminable "multiplepoint," and uttering "foro mundi"—

—such stuff as madmen
Tongue but brain not,

Ireland appears in the lamentable attitude of a colossal "Peebles."

We are pleased to find the press of Ireland giving birth to an intended correction; we have good hopes that its antiphlogistic character will at once recommend it to the patient, and give a happy turn to the disease. The worth, and disinterestedness of its author may be gathered from the causes that originated the matter, and led to the publication:—

"Some time since," writes Dr. Kane, "being engaged with the delivery of a course of lectures on the physical principles and mechanical construction of the prime movers of machinery, I entered into some details regarding the circumstances under which the sources of mechanical power exist in Ireland; and took occasion to correct the exaggerated ideas usually entertained of the disadvantages under which this country labours in regard to mechanical industry. The discussions into which I then entered, although but collateral, attracted some attention, and I was requested by the council of the Royal Dublin Society to proceed further with these inquiries. Passing beyond the question of mere mechanical industry, I had occasion to examine the relations of the country to the prime materials of the chemical and metallic manufactures, and finally to discuss some important statistical and moral problems, affecting the industrial progress of Ireland. These inquiries involved, besides the examination and comparison of the works of various independent authors, a great number of series of new mechanical and chemical investigations. The facts I had thus collected, and the general conclusions to which I had arrived, were embodied in a course of public lectures on the sources of industry which exist in Ireland, delivered by me at the Royal Dublin Society in the commencement of the present year. On the conclusion of the course, the council of the Society expressed their sanction of the general facts and principles therein contained, and requested that I should prepare the lectures for publication."

The object of the Royal Dublin Society is, through this publication, to draw attention to the subject of Ireland's industrial resources, in the belief, that if zeal and intelligence were manifested in developing them, there would be a favourable result. The author handles his subject with the dexterity of a master, and condenses in one volume as much of scientific and statistical information as we have ever seen thrown together. He is necessarily forced to be copious in details, but is so skilful in his selection, as to heighten the curiosity and satisfy the judgment at each advance. In the consecutive allocation and scrupulous exactness of his statements, the reader experiences both ease and confidence.

Heat being the chief agency through which changes are effected in art and manufacture, the author sets out on the principle "that the price of fuel regulates the cost of mechanical power;" and hence, that abundance and cheapness

of fuel are main ingredients in industrial success; and then proceeds to show how Ireland is circumstanced as to fuel. Having traced the geographical extent of the coal formations by the development of the limestone rock, which constitutes its base, he enters into the history of the several coal districts, giving a comparative analysis of their products and estimates of their cost and operations. The total area of bog in Ireland is estimated at 2,830,000 acres. Its chemical composition and practical uses being established by a series of analytical results; it is ascertained that the caloric power of dry turf is about half that of coal, and its want of density renders it difficult to concentrate within a limited space the quantity of heat necessary for many operations; yet the employment of turf as a source of heat is extending; it supplies exclusively the steam-boats on the Shannon, and the distilleries and mills. The author believes that a suitable attention to turf-fuel, combined with a proper working of the several coal districts, would enable Ireland to overcome the disadvantage under which she at first appears to labour. Having described the distribution, amount, and composition of Irish fuels, Dr. Kane examines the cost at which, by their means, the more important mechanical operations can be effected; and arrives, at the conclusion, that the cost of coal in Ireland, whether native or imported, need not exceed by more than a half the average cost in the manufacturing districts in England. The steamers on the Shannon consumed 7,000 tons of turf in the year 1843, which, at 3s. 6d. per ton, gave 1,200*l.*, distributed in wages of labour; an equivalent quantity of coal would have cost 1,800*l.*, so that in this instance the company saved 600*l.* If the improved steam system of Cornwall be adopted, and both English and Irish were anxious to save, the result would be nearly to equalize, as the saving of money is more on the Irish side than on the English. Thus five pounds of coal per horsepower per hour are burned; this costs, for twelve hours in England 2*½d.*, in Ireland 3*½d.*, the difference is 1*½d.* As, however, the steam-power is but an agent in operations the final product of which is to be brought to market, the question is, whether the greater cost of steam-power in Ireland seriously affects the manufacture in which it is employed? From an analysis supplied by Mr. Baines, of Leeds, it appears, that in manufacturing cotton by steam, the cost of fuel is not more than one hundredth of the value of the manufactured article; wages make a third of the entire, the raw material a fourth, and rent and taxes a proportion; now, in Ireland wages, rent, taxes, are lower, so the difficulty about coals may be obviated by economy, or neutralized by a difference in average of wages of 1*d.* per week. Besides, Ireland, in her numerous rivers and lakes, possesses a motive power, if properly employed, almost equivalent to steam. The geographical distribution of this power is such, as to make it available in every province. The Shannon, Bann, Lee, Lough Neagh, Erne, &c. present facilities for the accumulation of water-power in almost every county, of the highest interest to the mechanical engineer. For the utilization of this power the author proposes the construction of reservoirs, similar to that in the upper Bann, projected by Mr. Fairbairn, which would obviate every disadvantage to which water-power is liable. By reference to the working of the water-power at Greenock, and in Lancashire, it appears that the cost of water-power is not more than one-tenth of the cost of steam. So that Ireland, in that respect, possesses great advantages.

In indicating the abundance of iron ore, we think that there is an anxious straining, which

impresses us with the *possibility*, rather than the *certainty*, of their existence. The author evidently puts himself out of breath in pressing distant comparisons and analyses to his proof of available iron resources; at the same time he candidly avows that it would not be prudent to enter into this branch of manufacture until contingencies, seemingly remote, make it a matter of necessity. There is much accurate statistical information conveyed in the account of the geological structures in Ireland, and interesting descriptions of the several mining districts, showing us their mode of working and their produce. The Wicklow gold mines, so sneered at even by Moore, and yet an object of attraction to the Wicklow tourist, are accurately described by Dr. Kane. "This native gold is of a rich yellow colour, soft and malleable; its specific gravity 19. An assay of it, by Mr. Alchorn, gave for 24 grs. 21½ fine gold, 1½ silver, and ¼ths of a grain of an alloy of copper and iron." Government collected from these mines only 945 oz., which was sold for 3,675*l.*; the cost of working exceeded this return, so further trial was abandoned. Before Government took possession, it was calculated that 10,000*l.* worth had been found by the peasantry. One day last season we ourselves witnessed the operations of two searchers in the river that issues from Croghan Kinshela, and saw them rewarded in the evening by nearly three-quarters of an ounce. A number of the peasantry still pursue the search, and they have informed us, that on an average it pays them 2*s.* per day.

Having described the extensive sulphur mines of Ballymurtagh, Cronelane, and Connoree, and shown the abundance and fine quality of the Irish marbles and building stones, the author gives us two chapters on agriculture, in which he seems to follow the plan of Liebig in his 'Agricultural Chemistry,' adroitly adapting the information to the local peculiarities and requirements of the country. There is bold truth in what follows:—

"Mere industry has been in Ireland for many generations connected with the idea of a vulgar and depressed caste. The possession of the land with perfect idleness, constituted in itself the criterion of respectability. The working of a tillage farm, even if more profitable, was thus fatal to the social position of the occupier; whilst, if he kept only a herd to mind some cattle, and spent his time and money in hunting and in drinking, trusting for protection to high prices and to providence to pay his debts, he mixed with the notables of the land, and looked down with scorn on all that savoured of occupation, of industry, or intelligence."

The consolidation of farms, which has of late become so fashionable, and has caused so much misery and outrage in Ireland, is shown to be inapplicable to the country; whose abundant population require equal distribution as necessary for its sustenance, and which can only be effected by a judicious system of small farming. In Ulster the average size of farms is fourteen acres; in Munster and Leinster the average is twenty-three and twenty-nine acres: still we see in the latter provinces discontent and social wretchedness; while in Ulster, with its small farms and less fertile country, there is prosperity and peace. There are many who attribute this to the influence of their respective religions, but Dr. Kane, with more truth and Christian feeling, refers it to the evil of feudal tyranny so long prevalent in the south and west, the want of a proper system of internal communication, and even (in page 288) to the productiveness of the potatoe.

The mass of authority and information which is brought to bear on this subject would do more, if consulted, for the right direction of Lord Devon's commission than the cumbrous communications of half the squireens of the country.

The prevailing impression of a surplus population is shown to be merely ideal, and the capabilities of the country to afford support to twice its present population, is demonstrated by Mr. Blacker in a very simple manner, that is, supposing the resources of the country were industriously cultivated; and the specific of emigration, so often proposed to Government, besides being always obnoxious, would incur a cost sufficient to stimulate the industry of Ireland, and thereby remedy the evil of excessive encumberers, without producing the greater one of inveterate dislike.

The author attaches much importance to the extension of internal communication, as being the chief means of opening to a people the channel of civilization and honest industry; and in this we thoroughly concur with him. He gives us a very interesting account of the Shannon, and the improvement which is now going on; but we are greatly surprised that a name so deservedly connected with the subject of internal communication as that of Mr. Bianconi, should have been omitted. Mr. Bianconi has done more for the improvement of the south and south-west of Ireland than any other man; he has not only given to the country a widely spread and economic means of transport, but has afforded employment to thousands, and carried civilization to the wildest districts, while he has been the means of inducing the stranger and the tourist to become acquainted with Ireland and speak faithfully of the Irish.

The extension of railways is strongly urged. We fear, however, that the author's partiality to enterprise has borne him too far in his ideas of the practicability of extension on the atmospheric principle. We are altogether of his opinion as to the absurdity of that crotchety of the engineers relative to horizontality; and we are pretty certain, that the wasteful expenditure which this has caused in this country will fatally operate for some time, and check enterprise, not only here, but in Ireland. Dr. Kane proposes to place the railways of Ireland under the regulation of the State, and to make them public property:—

"Let capitalists (suggests the author) make the railway, but let their investment be not a speculation but a stock, or they should get a secure, but limited interest, and at 4½ per cent. abundance of capital would be gained. Let the districts within a certain distance of the line secure that interest; if the railway realize a higher interest, let the difference go to relieve the other burdens on the land of the vicinity."

The last chapter is pregnant with important suggestions. We augur much good from the candour and clearness of their enunciation, and through all the cloud of counteracting circumstances we foresee the diffusion of that industrial spirit which the author is so anxious to inspire. Though evidently proud of his country, and eager for her advance, he is not blind to her errors, nor carried away by prejudices; indeed, the removal of those absurd antipathies which have long kept the hearts of England and Ireland apart, seems to be what he most devoutly wishes; for he knows, that until they have disappeared, the excitement which they produce in one, and the distrust in the other country, would mar every attempt at the development of Irish resources. Industry and self-dependence he wishes to impress on Irishmen; with these qualities they could make their own capital sufficient; without them, English capital, were it even invested, would fail in its object:—

"With temperate habits and education, which the national system will give to every individual of the growing race, there is no danger but that industry may be accompanied by intelligence, intelligence by morality, and all by the steadiness of purpose and tranquillity of habits on which the happiness of the family and the peace of the community depend. This is the result which it should be the object of all

to gain. This would render us independent of the wretched political differences on which we waste our strength."

We desire, for their own sake, that this sentiment may become the master one in the minds of Irishmen.

Memoirs of a Babylonian Princess.

[Second Notice.]

THOUGH we have forewarned our readers that these Memoirs are somewhat insipid, it is not for lack of endeavour on the part of the writer. On the contrary, to produce effect, she has all manner of adventures to recount, in which the first person singular figures as heroine. When the family, on returning to Alkoush, from the excursion adverted to in our last notice, were attacked by a horde of Kurds, Maria Theresa cheered up her mother, encouraged her brother and his "valiant little band" to resist, and lastly softened the ferocious and victorious ruffians into "favour and prettiness." When her grandfather and father were threatened with martyrdom for building their Christian church three feet too long, it was she who "went about as though clad for a festival," setting up, with the assistance of friends, songs of triumph on the occasion, and venting rhapsodies—by which it would appear that Babylon has given birth to its Mause Headriggs as well as its Scarlet Lady! But, for all her dressing and singing, she was disappointed in obtaining the honours of martyrdom. When the harassed family returned to Mosul—the Lady established herself, on the solitary system, at the top of the house, reading good books by moonlight, and kneeling in prayer for hours together:—on one occasion, performing her genuflexions before a church-door in the midst of a shower of walnut-sized hailstones—on another, in spite of the bite of a scorpion, which in her ecstasy, the devotee disregarded. Enough of this rhodomontade. What has been said will sufficiently mark our judgment of the value of the book: what remains shall be given in the form of such extracts as will show the new Scheherazade to greater advantage. The first scene shall be the break-up of a Bedouin camp:—

"I had not been many weeks in the camp, when the whole tribe were in commotion. I beheld men and women rushing to and fro—shepherds collecting their flocks—camels in constant motion backwards and forwards throughout the encampment; the saddling of horses, and the striking of tents, all showed that we were about to shift our quarters, and go in quest of fresher pastures. While the men were engaged in getting ready their fiery steeds, which filled the air with their neighings, the women were busy in striking the tents, and packing them and the domestic furniture on the backs of the camels destined for this service. Never did I witness so bustling a scene. Everything was in motion—every soul was busily occupied. Never in my life had I beheld so many beautiful horses at one time. As far as the eye could reach in one direction, they were to be seen prancing, pawing the ground, and neighing in their joy, as though they were conscious that they were about to exchange their exhausted fields for new pastures. The very camels of burden, poor beasts! with mountains of baggage on their backs, seemed to rejoice; while their young ones capered around them, apparently wondering at the apathy of their more sober dams. When the tents had been safely packed, the flocks collected, and all was ready for departure, we set out in the following order:—In the front rode the men, mounted on their high-mettled couriers; a formidable band, completely armed, with their long lances gracefully poised, the points of which, raised high in air, glittered and sparkled in the sun. Next in order came the women; the most considerable of whom rode each in a 'maharab,' a canopy with curtains around it, placed on the back of a dromedary, attended by their slaves and negresses, who were also mounted on camels. I had selected for my own use the tallest camel, that I might the better enjoy the prospect. After the

women and their attendants came the baggage-camels, bearing the tents, provisions, and effects of the tribe; and countless flocks, tended by their shepherds, brought up the rear. In this order we proceeded, halting every two hours to take coffee; and, as we rode along, men accompanied us on foot, loaded with roasted meats, bread, and dates, crying aloud, 'He who is hungry, let him approach.' Towards evening, we reached the place of our destination, on the banks of the Nahr el Kashoun, a spot abounding in fat pastures, and not far from the Euphrates. Here again was a scene of bustle, similar to that I had witnessed in the morning. Every one applied himself to his duty with alacrity and assiduity; for all were anxious for the grand feast, which our sheikh had announced his intention to give on our arriving at our new quarters. This entertainment was upon a scale worthy of the station of our hospitable entertainer. Seven camels, twenty-five sheep, besides gazelles without number, were slaughtered upon the occasion. After the tents had been pitched, the flocks tended, and the horses stalled and fed with camel's milk, which is supposed by the Bedouins to give them great strength and power of endurance, our table was spread on the grass, close by the river's bank, and the dinner placed before us. Some of the dishes would have made an European open his eyes with wonder; being so large as to require four men to carry them, filled with rice, which looked like mountains, on which were placed lambs or sheep, roasted whole. All these dishes were of a white, shining substance, having the appearance of silver, but I did not learn of what metal they were made. There were also huge dishes, each containing a joint of camel's flesh, and others filled with gazelles, my favourite dish. We had, moreover, a dish called sambusak; which is a mixture of burnt flour, with honey, and butter, enveloped in a crust made square, which is rolled out very thin. The mixture is put in the centre, the four corners are turned over crossways, and the dish is then baked."

We shall now exhibit the Princess as assisting at a Bedouin marriage. The preliminaries to this important transaction are curious. The youth and his friends pay a visit to the tent of the Lady's father. The etiquette is to receive them with a dignified coldness, on which the aspirant's spokesman delivers a set speech of inquiry, pointing out that the party is one "of function," and if not hospitably treated, will return forthwith. Meanwhile the fair one has taken a peep at her suitor, and made a sign to her friends whether the drama is to proceed or not. In the latter case, neither civility nor apology is offered to the wooing party, who are "welcome to go" with the least possible delay. Matters, of course, had sped more smoothly on the present occasion. The wedding was to be a splendid one—and the vigil-rapt Maria Theresa compelled herself, like more mundane maids, to have a smart dress "made up" for the occasion:—

"The finest mares in the sheikh's stud were saddled for our use, and we started at day-break for the encampment of the bridegroom's father, who was related to our sheikh, which was about three hours' distance from the Dryah camp, in a party consisting of about twenty persons, including slaves. We soon reached the tents of our host, who had taken up his position on a spot abounding in rich pastures, over which were spread flocks, horses, and camels, in numbers, bespeaking the wealth of the owner; whilst the countless peaks of the tents stretching far and wide over the plain, presented the appearance of a city of camels' hair. I am sure I counted, as we approached the encampment, not fewer than a thousand tents. We rode straight to the centre of them, where the tent of Faris el Hamadan, the bridegroom's father, was pitched, and were received at the door by a great number of females, who came out to meet us, and greet us with the utmost cordiality and respect. Our hostess conducted us into the sheikh's tent, saying, at the same time, 'Anastuna shahmuna,' the customary compliment on receiving a visitor to whom honour is due, which means, 'you have civilized us; you have done us honour,' and ordered coffee to be brought. Here, again, the kind-

ness of my friends procured for me a dispensation from the rigid observance of the Bedouin law, which prohibits indulgence in the use of the 'accursed weed,' as they call tobacco; and I was, through the intervention of the Sheikh Dryah Ebn Shalan's daughter, permitted to enjoy my favourite neghila. After dinner we made a cheerful and merry evening of it; passing our time in dancing, singing, and relating stories till midnight. The next morning we rose at daybreak, and prepared to visit the encampment of the bride's father, which was at a very short distance. Long before sunrise all was ready, and shortly after we set out in the following order:—Foremost of all rode a single cavalier, mounted on a splendidly caparisoned mare, bearing in his hand a byrakh, or flag, the pole of which must have been not less than fifteen or sixteen feet in length, I should say; for, when resting on the ground, the head of the horseman barely reached its middle. On the top of it floated a white flag, and as the procession proceeded on its way, the standard bearer every now and then cried aloud, 'We go to seek honour without stain.' Next were ranged the camels, forming part of the bride's portion, covered with garlands and branches gathered on the banks of the Euphrates, with their drivers. These were followed by a negro slave, also part of the dower, superbly dressed, and mounted on horseback, surrounded by men on foot, who marched forward carolling songs of joy and gladness. Then came a troop of mounted warriors, completely armed, curvetting on their high-couraged blood-horses, and discharging, from time to time, their muskets in the air. After the warriors, followed a band of females, bearing censors filled with sweet incense, scattering fragrance through the air; who were succeeded by large flocks of sheep, part of the bride's portion, tended by their shepherds, who, as they trudged along merrily by the side of their charge, lustily chanted a song, beginning with the words, 'thus did Chibouk, the brother of Antar, two thousand years ago,' by way of asserting the attachment of the Bedouins to the usages of their ancestors. Then followed the negresses, destined to be the slaves of the bride, richly dressed, surrounded by about two hundred men on foot, dancing and singing all kinds of songs, as they marched in front of the camel bearing the bride's *trousseau*. This was an uncommonly large beast, and seemed to have been selected for the purpose of having as much surface as possible for the display of the wedding presents; which were hung all over the camel, presenting an appearance not unlike that of a pedlar's cart, with the wares exposed in a manner most likely to fascinate and attract purchasers. All sorts of valuable ornaments were arranged in sparkling festoons. Mashallahs, covered with gold embroidery, were spread over the well-filled skin of the animal; while a graceful filigree work was produced by the skilful arrangement of the many pairs of yellow jack boots, which hung suspended in every direction. After the *trousseau*, followed a child about eight years old, a scion of one of the most distinguished Bedouin families, mounted on a camel, who cried in a loud voice, 'May our people ever be victorious! may the fire of our enemies never be quenched! To which another child, who accompanied him, cried 'Amen!' And in this manner, amidst shouting, singing, and rejoicing, we at length reached the tent of the hafta's father. Here we were met with corresponding songs and rejoicings by the bride's friends. The camel bearing the *trousseau* was unladen, and the costly load deposited in the tent around the 'rabha,' or reception-room, which, upon this occasion, was adorned with a splendid Persian carpet spread on the ground. Coffee was then served up on a mighty cauldron; for the preparations were all upon a gigantic scale; and when we had refreshed ourselves with this and with camel's milk, which was also brought in, the company proceeded to pray, after their fashion, for the future welfare of the wedded pair. We shortly after sallied forth into the desert, in two parties; the friends of the bride forming one, and those of the bridegroom the other. Having reached the appointed place, the young men on each side separated themselves from their friends, and arranged themselves in two bodies in battle array, while the elders took up a position from which they could behold the manoeuvres. A mock engagement now ensued for the possession of the hafta; which was suffered to terminate in favour of the bridegroom's

party, who carried her off in triumph, and confided her to the care of the bridegroom's female relatives and their friends. She was then surrounded by a great number of young virgins, who accompanied her to the door of her tent, where her camel was waiting ready saddled, and more richly caparisoned than ever. Over his glossy back, which was as white as snow, was thrown a huge saddle-cloth of scarlet, having a deep fringe of many-coloured worsted. The head of the animal was decorated with ostrich feathers, and her bandeau sparkled with many-coloured glass and embroidery: while small mirrors, hung here and there on different parts of her body, reflected the splendour of the passing scene, and sent forth flashes of light as they caught the rays of the sun. The maharah, or pavilion, on the camel's back, was spread with a rich Persian carpet, on which were thrown cushions covered with silk. Into this the bride was assisted by the bridegroom's female friends, who then arranged themselves in order, some mounted on camels, and some on foot, singing as they went, to accompany her to the tent of her husband. While these preparations were going on, a party of the bridegroom's friends galloped forward to announce the speedy arrival of the bride at the tent of the bridegroom's tribe. The bridal procession now moved onward towards its final destination, amidst songs of triumph and exultation. Some well-wishers, more enthusiastic than the rest, sacrificed sheep at the feet of the camel on which the bride was seated, as a votive offering of propitiation. After the camel, on which the bride's maharah was placed, followed two others; one of which carried her tent and furniture, and the other the Persian carpet and kitchen utensils. In this order they arrived at the bridegroom's tent, into which the bride was conducted; and the whole ceremony concluded with a dinner, upon a scale of magnitude such as I never before witnessed. Next morning, the interchange of presents took place; the husband, with very few exceptions, being at the whole expense. That I might not disgrace my liberal friends, I presented the bride with a 'jisdama' and golden 'mil,' the apparatus used for heightening the effect of the eyelash, as already described, together with a necklace and bracelets of amber. To me the bride presented an emerald of considerable value and of large size, set in a ring, and an ample Persian shawl, descending from the shoulders to the feet, made entirely of the finest Cashmere wool; which, notwithstanding its size, could be held in the palm of the hand, and which I afterwards sold at Rome for two hundred scudi, when under the pressure of dire necessity. Added to these, was a valuable necklace, consisting of three rows of the finest pearls."

Some scruple arose about all these fine things, our Princess believing that they must have been stolen. But, thought she, an uncle of hers had been robbed of some valuable jewels sent by the very caravan to whose plunder she attributed her presents:—moreover, what so easy as, in case she were to meet with the right owners of the shawl and necklace, to return them? Accordingly, the scruple was reasoned down, and the gifts laid by! The Princess remained with her light-fingered friends for three days—during which hers was the only sad face amid their "eating and drinking, dancing and singing."

The last scene we shall give from these odd Memoirs, may serve as a companion-picture to the Bedouin camp scene, and afford a subject to Mr. Warren or Mr. Lewis—should the latter ever choose to return home and again delight us with his drawings. It is the "getting up" of a caravan from Bagdad for Damascus. For seven or eight months had the company been assembling, and now consisted of a Chaldean Christian bishop and his suite—traders of every class—Persians, Osmanli Turks, and merchants from Bassora, in all mustering some fifteen thousand camels and horses! The multitude was encamped in a vast plain, about an hour and a half distant from the city:—

"The time fixed for our departure was approaching. Our vast encampment teemed with provisions and stores for the journey; every one laying in a

supply sufficient for two or three months, as if we had been about to embark on ship-board: for, in truth, the prospect of procuring fresh supplies was not more promising, than in the case of a vessel about to cross the ocean. Camel load after camel load poured into the camp, consisting of flour, biscuit, and rice; besides quantities of 'basterma,' a kind of sausage, which is dried, and keeps well for a considerable length of time; 'kaourma,' a preparation of hashed beef or mutton, cooked in grease and crammed into skins, which is dished up, during the journey, with dates and herbs, and makes a very palatable dish; 'halawah,' a sweet solid substance, composed of the 'simsim,' described in my account of the manufactures of Telkef, honey, and other ingredients. In addition to these, piles of carpets, cushions, and bed-clothes were to be seen on every side, together with a prodigious quantity of kitchen utensils of every description. The bishop, the Bassorah lady, and myself, occupied but one tent, which, as usual, was separated in the middle by a curtain, the gentlemen being on one side, and the ladies on the other. Although our caravan was furnished with so great a number of camels, the travellers, including pilgrims, merchants, camel-drivers, attendants, and escort, did not amount to more than five thousand individuals; a very large proportion of the camels being destined to carry merchandise, of which there was an immense quantity. Besides this, no inconsiderable number were required for the purpose of conveying tents, baggage, and provisions of the travellers. My fellow-traveller, the bishop, had five camels for his own use and that of his attendants. I had the same number; but our companion from Bassorah had no fewer than fifteen, for the use of herself, children, and servants. It must not be supposed that these camels were the property of the individual travellers. There is a class of men who gain their livelihood by letting out these animals for hire, with whom a bargain is made by the persons about to proceed on a journey, at a certain price; the proprietor of the camels undertaking to load, unload, and feed them during the whole time, besides providing drivers to attend them. I think I paid at the rate of about three hundred piastres for each camel; and this included everything, so that I had no further trouble about the matter. Every morning at day-break I found my beasts all loaded, and one saddled for my own personal service; and certainly, nothing could exceed the assiduity and punctuality with which the duties connected with this service were performed in every particular. Besides my little troop of camels, I had a horse for riding, which enabled me to vary the slow monotonous pace of the caravan with an occasional gallop over the desert. This horse I often lent to my reverend companion, who was very grateful for the trifling attention. At last the day of departure arrived, and at early dawn we set out on our long march, leaving behind us a sorrowing crowd of the friends and relations of our fellow-travellers, who stood gazing at our almost interminable file of animated beings, as it struggled along with tardy pace, looking like a gigantic snake writhing its way over the wide-stretching plain before it,—mingling benedictions and prayers for our safety with their parting tears. Onward the living mass bent its course; the camels, with grave demeanour, like well-drilled soldiers, keeping their file with a strictness which would win the approbation of even a European drill-sergeant; those destined to carry the travellers having strapped on their backs maharajahs of every colour, from lively red to deep purple, from emerald green to deep blue, each holding six persons, and presenting the appearance of a moving city of brilliant coloured houses. The escort of cavalry furnished by the Pasha of Bagdad, who were nearly all Georgians, and afforded a striking contrast, by the fairness of their complexions, with the swarthy visaged multitude with whose protection they were charged, rode before and behind. The camel-drivers walked by the side of their charge, and the whole caravan—composed of this motley group of baggage camels, riding camels, camels laden with merchandise, horses, cavalry, pilgrims, rich and poor, some mounted on camels, and others, less fortunate, walking on foot, drivers, slaves, flocks of sheep, with their owners, who had joined the caravan for the purpose of selling them to the travellers in the course of the journey, and, if I recollect rightly, a few bullocks; forming

a line, not less I am sure than a mile in length, proceeded continually onward for ten hours, when a halt was made. During our march we aroused whole herds of gazelles, who fled in all directions, in great trepidation, over the plain. The rapidity with which the camels were unladen and the tents pitched is perfectly incredible. In less than half an hour a vast city of tents arises, as if by the touch of an enchanter's wand; and while the inexperienced traveller surveys with wonder and admiration the erection of a spacious square on his right, he suddenly casts his eyes to the left and finds that a long lane of tents has sprung up, as it were, out of the bowels of the earth. The city, if I may so call it, being thus built, a rampart is forthwith cast up around it, by placing the camels (which had been fed with date kernels), with their pack-saddles, in a circle, on the outer verge of the encampment; precautions are then taken to guard the caravan from sudden attack, and the travellers begin to think about their supper. The travelling butchers were now all on the alert, and purchases were making in all directions. Sheep were slaughtered, and everybody purchased according to his wants, the price paid being about five or six paras for the ratal, or five pounds for five farthings. The purchase being made, no time was lost in preparing the meat for table, the cooks fully equalling the tent builders in expertness and rapidity. Fires were made on the ground, and immediately the air was filled with those acceptable hissing sounds which, after a long fast, are sweeter music than the voice of his mistress to the sighing lover, and upon hearing which the sternest visage puts on a momentary gleam of benignity. Before the door of each tent, slaves were seen busily engaged in spreading the large white cloths upon the bare ground; and it was not long before every cloth was surrounded by a company evidently fully disposed to devote themselves seriously to the business in hand. Before half an hour had passed away, whole sheep had disappeared, and lofty mountains of rice had been laid low; and when the company had had their fill, the servants were permitted to regale themselves on the remains, of which there was an abundance. Our party consisted of twelve, every one of whom appeared bent upon promoting the common comfort. After supper, we remained engaged in converse until eleven o'clock, before which hour it was idle to think of retiring to rest, for the incessant loud laughter, shouts, and clamour of the Georgian guard, calling to each other all over the encampment, made sleep entirely out of the question. At eleven, however, we spread our carpets and lay down to sleep."

We can no further follow the wanderings and the sorrows of our Princess: but hope that the detail thereof will smooth her future path, by putting "money in her purse" beyond the reach of false friends, envious fellow-missionaries, or thievish Bedouins.

List of New Books.—English Synonyms Explained, by Geo. Crabb, A.M. 7th edit. 8vo. 15s. cl.—Christian's Monthly Magazine and Universal Review, Vol. I. Jan. to June, 1844. 8vo. 16s. cl.—A Manual of Electro-Metallurgy, by George Shaw, 2nd edit. 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl.—Jones's English Systems of Book Keeping, Parts I. and II., 8vo. cl. 7s. each, or complete in 1 vol. 8vo. 12s. cl.—Dunn's View of the Coal Trade in the North of England, 8vo. 7s. cl.—The Public and Private Life of Lord Eldon, by Horace Twiss, Esq., 3 vols. 8vo. 2l. 2s. cl.—Historic Fancies, by the Hon. G. Sydney Smythe, M.P., 8vo. 12s. cl.—Le Courayevon, the Validity of English Ordinances, 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.—German Protestantism, by the Rev. E. H. Dewar, 12mo. 4s. cl.—Remedies Suggested for the Perils of the Nation, 2nd edit. small 8vo. 6s. cl.—The Catholic Church in England and America, by Dr. Ogilby, 12mo. 4s. 6d. cl.—Jackson's (Rev. J.) Six Sermons on the Christian Character, 12mo. 4s. cl.—Vigilantius and his Times, by W. S. Gilly, D.D., 8vo. 12s. cl.—Wealth, the Name and Number of the Beast, 666, 8vo. 4s. 6d. cl.—Wordsworth's (Rev. Dr.) Theophilus Anglicanus; or Instruction concerning the Church, 2nd edit. post 8vo. 8s. 6d. cl.—Essays, by Alexander J. B. Hope, Esq., 12mo. 5s. cl.—Evans's (Rev. W. E.) Order of Family Prayer arranged in the Form of Collects, post 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.—Lent Lectures preached at Christ Church, Chelsea, fe. 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.—The History of John Marten, a Sequel to the Life of Henry Milner, by Mrs. Sherwood, 12mo. 7s. 6d. cl.—An Encyclopedia of Domestic Economy, by T. Webster, Esq., assisted by the late Mrs. Parkes, with Woodcuts, &c., 8vo. 2l. 10s. cl.—The Modern Syrians, by an Oriental Student, post 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.—The Pencil of Nature, by H. F. Talbot, Part I., 4to. 12s. awd.—Criticism on Art, by W. Hazlitt, 2nd series, fe. 8vo. 6s. cl.—Murray's Handbook of France, new edit. post 8vo. 12s. cl.—Chailly's Midwifery, royal 8vo. 18s. cl.—Durbin's Observations in Europe, 2 vols. post 8vo. 14s. cl.—Macgillivray's Manual of Geology, 2nd edit. 12mo. 4s. 6d. cl.—Arnold's (Rev. C.) The Boy's Arithmetic, Part I., 12mo. 2s. 6d. cl.—Mylia's History of

England, 5th edit. 12mo. 5s. 6d. bd.—A Progressive Grammar of the Latin Tongue, by Dr. Kennedy, 12mo. 4s. 6d. cl.—Essays on Natural History, by Charles Waterton, Esq., 2nd edit. fe. 8vo. 6s. 6d. cl.—Mrs. Marr and Willis's the Decrease of Disease, fe. 8vo. 4s. cl.—Graefenberg; or a True Report of the Water Cure, by R. H. Graham, M.D., 8vo. 6s. cl.—Transactions of the Provincial Medical and Surgical Association, Vol. XII., 8vo. 1l. 1s. cl.—The Medals of Creation, or First Lessons in Geology, by G. A. Mantell, L.L.D., 2 vols. 12mo. 1l. 1s. cl.—Jefferson on the Eye, 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.—Hooker's (Dr.) Botany of the Antarctic Voyage, Flora Antarctica, Part II., 8s. plain.—Reeve's (L.) Conchologia Iconica, Part XVIII., 10s. coloured.

THE SONG OF SUMMER.

AMID the heath of northern hills,
Where early sunrise shone
On verdant woods and shining streams,
And summits gray and lone,
A Minstrel from his mountain home
With rustic lyre came forth,
And thus in native numbers sang
The Summer of the North:—
"We see the glory of thy steps
Upon our hills once more;
Oh, thou, the hope of every heart,
The joy of every shore!
Our skies have gained their deepest blue,
Our woods their vernal prime,
For heaven and earth rejoice in thee,
Thou glorious summer time!
"Thine are the long and cloudless days,
The eves of golden light,
Whose lingering glories meet the morn,
And leave no room for night;
The freshness of the early dew,
The glow of breathless noon,
And the showers, for which the woodlands wait,
As for a promised boon.
"Thy roses send their sweetness forth
From leafy bower and brake,
And thy lilies spread their floating snow
Upon the sunlit lake;
To the old forest's lonely depth
Thy presence joy imparts,
And reaches, through the clouds of care,
The depths of human hearts.
"Well hath our dreamy childhood loved
To wander forth with thee,
To leafy grove and grassy glen,
And fountain fresh and free.
But where are they that in those fair
And pleasant paths had part,
And when will it return to us
That summer of the heart?
"For hope hath changed to weariness,
And love hath changed to strife,
And few, of all those early friends,
Have been the friends of life;
And we have left the sunny track
Of Childhood far behind,
And see it only through the thorns
That after years have twined.
"But thou art bright and changeless still,
Queen of the circling years;
Thy brow hath known no touch of time,
Thine eye no trace of tears;
For still as bright its sunshine falls
Upon the woods and waves,
As if that light had never shone
On broken hearts or graves!"

FRANCES BROWN.

POETS' CORNER AND POETS' FUNERALS.
INTERMENT OF THOMAS CAMPBELL.

The poet of 'Hope' and 'Hohenlinden' was buried on Wednesday last, in Westminster Abbey, in that part of the building called the south-transsept, or Poet's Corner. No poet of our generation could have made good a better claim to such sepulture than Thomas Campbell. He well deserves to lie in classic ground:—

My Shakspeare rise! I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer or Spenser; or bid Beaumont lie
A little further to make thee a room—
Thou art a monument without a tomb;
And art alive still while thy book doth live,
And we have wits to read and praise to give.

Mr. Campbell's book, that neat pyramid, which

Cowley commends so warmly, is more than enough for fame hereafter. Collins and Gray together, can, in bulk, barely make a volume.

A poet's interment, in Poets' Corner, is a rare occurrence: the last person essentially and entirely a poet who was buried there, was Gay, who died in 1732. Johnson, Garrick, Sheridan, Macpherson, and Gifford, can make but slender claims to the bays and "singing robes" of poets, for their greater works have little to do with poetry so called, or with the divine fury of the Muse. Considering, therefore, the long interval that has elapsed, and the high honour so lately paid to Mr. Campbell, in the noble attendance that stood beside his grave, it will not, perhaps, be thought ill-timed or out of place if, before we describe Mr. Campbell's funeral, we here relate the history of Poets' Corner, and refer our readers back to the funeral honours that have been paid our poets, long since or more lately dead.

We had no poets to inter before Gower and Chaucer; and Gower was a man of wealth, who had money to leave for the erection of his own monument, and the performance of a yearly obit for his soul. The obit ceased at the Reformation, but the monument still exists in St. Saviour's Church, in Southwark, where the poet's head may be seen resting on three stone books, with a chaplet upon it, like a coronet of four roses. The morning star of English verse, old Geoffrey Chaucer, was buried in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey, that is, *without* the building; but a poet and scholar of Oxford, by name Nicholas Brigham, removed his remains in 1555, to their present resting-place, in the south cross aisle of the church, and erected the monument to the noble old poet, which we still see standing in Poets' Corner.

Spenser died in King-street, Westminster, on the 16th January 1598-9, actually, we are told, "for lack of bread." He refused twenty *pieces* sent him by my Lord of Essex, and said he was sorry he had no time to spend them:—

And had not that great heart (whose honoured head,
Ah, lies full low) pined thy woful plight,
There hadst thou lien unwept, unbefrid,
Ublest, nor graced with any common rite.

Phineas Fletcher.

"He was buried," says Campbell, "according to his own desire, near the tomb of Chaucer; and the most celebrated poets of the time (Shakspeare was probably of the number,) followed his hearse, and threw tributary verses into his grave." Twenty years after his decease, Daniel's kind patroness, the Countess of Dorset, erected a monument to his memory, and inscribed upon it that short but beautiful inscription which the poet Mason transferred, in 1778, from Purbeck stone to statuary marble, and which still remains an exact imitation of the original.

The next great poet interred in Poets' Corner, was Francis Beaumont—

Fletcher's associate, Jonson's friend beloved.

The day of his death is unknown, but he was buried on the 9th March, 1615-16. He was only thirty years old when he died; and his epitaph was written by his elder brother, the poet of Bosworth Field:—

Thou shouldst have followed me, but death, to blame,
Miscounted years and measured age by fame.

No "great heart" came forward to honour his memory in marble, and the associate of Fletcher still sleeps beneath a rude and nameless stone.

Drayton, who died in 1631, was buried in Westminster Abbey, but not in Poets' Corner, for he lies, says Heylin, who was at his funeral, under the north wall, near a little door which opens to one of the prebendal houses." The same Countess of Dorset, who set up Spenser's monument, bestowed a marble bust upon Michael Drayton, and Jonson or Quarles supplied that noble epitaph still half legible in Poets' Corner. In 1637 Ben Jonson followed his friend Drayton to the grave. Ben, too, was buried in Westminster Abbey, but not in Poets' Corner: why is unknown. He is buried in the north aisle of the nave, with this brief inscription to denote the spot: "O Rare Ben Jonson"—"which was done," says Aubrey, "at the charge of Jack Young (afterwards knighted), who walking here when the grave was covering, gave the fellow eighteen-pence to cut it."

The next poet buried in Westminster Abbey was buried in Poets' Corner. This was Thomas May (Secretary May), the translator of Lucan, and the Historian of the Long-Parliament. But May was not allowed to lie too long in Poets' Corner. At the Restoration his body was taken up and thrown into a pit, dug for the purpose in the neighbouring churchyard of St. Margaret's. Still greater indignities awaited Cromwell, Ireton, Bradshaw and Blake. May's monument was destroyed at the same time—it stood where Triplett's stands.

At Chertsey, on the Thames, on the 28th July 1667, died Abraham Cowley. The body of the great poet was brought by water from Chertsey to Whitehall—

Oh, early lost! what tears the River shed,
When the sad pomp along his banks was led!—*Pope.*

Evelyn was at his friend's funeral, and thus records the ceremony: "3 Aug. 1667.—Went to Mr. Cowley's funeral, whose corps lay at Wallingford House, and was thence conveyed to Westminster Abbey in a hearse with six horses, and all funeral decency, were an hundred coaches of noblemen and persons of quality following; among these all the wits of the towne, divers bishops and clergymen. He was interred next Geoffrey Chaucer and neere Spenser. A goodly monument since erected to his memory." Wallingford House was the town residence of Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, at whose expense the "goodly monument" was afterwards erected.

In March 1668, died at his official house in Scotland-yard, Sir John Denham, the poet of Cooper's Hill. He died mad, nor have we any account of his interment in Poets' Corner. He was buried, however, close to Cowley, whose "death and burial amongst the ancient poets," he has celebrated in one of the very best of his poems. Davenant followed Denham in less than a month, and was buried where May had been before. This circumstance is curious. At Jonson's death both Davenant and May were candidates for the vacant laurel. It was given to Davenant so much to May's mortification, that for this reason alone he was said, by the adverse party, to have sided with the Parliament against the King. Davenant was the patentee of the Duke's Theatre; and all his company, with Betterton at their head, attended his body to the grave. "He was buried in Westminster Abbey," says old Downes, the prompter, "near Mr. Chaucer's monument, our whole company attending his funeral."

Glorious John Dryden was the next great poet buried in Poets' Corner. A private burial in an adjoining churchyard was all that was at first intended, and the funeral procession was actually on its way to so obscure a grave, when it was interrupted, and strange as it may appear, actually put an end to. The chief movers in this extraordinary proceeding were the witty Earl of Dorset, and the second Lord Jefferys, the son of the notorious Judge Jefferys. The poet's body, at their request, was then conveyed to the house of Mr. Russel, a celebrated undertaker, for the purpose of embalment. From Mr. Russel's it was moved to the College of Physicians, where it lay for ten days in state. The after-history of this second funeral is thus given in the papers of that period: "The corps of that great and witty poet, John Dryden, Esq., having lain in state for some time in the College of Physicians, was yesterday [13 May 1700] carried in great state to Westminster Abbey, where he was interred with Chaucer, Cowley, &c. But before he was removed from the College, Dr. Garth made an eloquent oration in Latin, in praise of the deceased; and the Ode of Horace, beginning *Exegi monumentum ære perennius*, set to mournful music, was sung there, with a concert of trumpets, hautboys, and other instruments. The corps was preceded by several mourners on horseback; before the hearse went the music on foot, who made a very harmonious noise. The hearse was followed by twenty coaches, drawn by six horses, and twenty-four drawn by two horses each, most of them in mourning."

After this newspaper paragraph, the reader will not, perhaps, think Farquhar's Picture of the Funeral too highly coloured for the truth. "I come now from Mr. Dryden's funeral, where he had an Ode in Horace sung, instead of David's Psalms; whence you may find, that we do not think a poet worth Christian burial. The pomp of the ceremony

was a kind of rhapsody, and fitter, I think, for Huddibras than him; because the cavalcade was mostly burlesque: but he was an extraordinary man, and buried after an extraordinary fashion; for I do believe there was never such another burial seen." All this *getting-up* at the College was done by Dr. Garth. "The best good Christian, without knowing it," that Pope had ever known. Mr. Russel's Bill is a curiosity in its way, and of more than ordinary interest at this moment.

Mr. Russel's Bill for Mr. Dryden's Funerals.

	£	s.	d.
A double coffin covered with cloth and set of (off) with work gilt with gold	5	0	0
A hearse with six white Flanders horses	1	10	0
Covering the hearse with velvet, and velvet housings for the horses	1	0	0
17 plumes of feathers for hearse and horses	3	0	0
Hanging the Hall with a border of bays	5	0	0
6 dozen of paper escutcheons for the Hall	3	12	0
A large pall of velvet	0	10	0
10 silk escutcheons for the pall	2	10	0
24 buck. escutcheons for hearse and horses	2	0	0
12 shields and six shafts for ditto	2	0	0
3 mourning coaches with six horses	2	5	0
Silver dish and rosemary	0	5	0
8 scarves for musicians	2	0	0
8 handbells for ditto	1	0	0
17 yds of crape to cover their instruments	1	14	0
4 mourning cloaks	0	10	0
24 6 men moving the corps to the Hall	0	6	0
8 horsemen in long cloaks to ride before the hearse	4	0	0
13 footmen in velvet capes to walk on each side the hearse	1	19	0
6 porters that attended at the doores, and walked before the hearse to the Abby, in mourning gowns and staves	1	10	0
An achievement for the house	3	10	0
	£45	17	0

Nicholas Rowe, who died in King Street, Covent Garden, on the 16th of December 1718, was the next poet of eminence interred in Poets' Corner. He was buried at night, in a grave "over against Chaucer," his friend, Dr. Atterbury, then Dean of Westminster, reading the burial service. Another six months gone by, and Addison is buried in the same grave. This delightful writer died at Holland House, Kensington, on the 17th of June 1719, from whence his body was conveyed to the Jerusalem Chamber, Westminster Abbey, where it lay in state. Addison was buried at night, a circumstance beautifully alluded to by Tickell, in his Elegy on his death:—

Can I forget the dismal night that gave,
My soul's best part for ever to the grave!
How silent did his old companions tread,
By midnight lamps, the mansions of the dead;
Through breathing statues, then unheeded things!
Through rows of warriors and through walks of kings!
What awe did the slow solemn knell inspire,
The pealing organ and the passing choir,
The duties by the lawn-robed prelate paid,
And the last word, that dust to dust conveyed!

"It was her own wish," says Campbell of Mrs. Siddons, "that she should be interred with the plainest simplicity; and I know not how it is, but so it is, that I visit her suburban grave with calmer sensations of melancholy pleasure than if I had to approach it in Westminster Abbey—

Through rows of warriors and through walks of kings!" Prior was the next, in point of time, interred in Poets' Corner. "It is my will," he says, "that I be buried privately in Westminster Abbey, and that, after my debts and funeral charges are paid, a monument be erected to my memory, whereon may be expressed the public employments I have bore. The inscription I desire may be made by Dr. Robert Freind, and the busts expressed in marble by Cori-veaux placed on the monument. For this last piece of human vanity, I will that the sum of five hundred pounds be set aside." "I had not strength enough," says Atterbury, "to attend Mr. Prior to his grave, else I would have done it, to have shewed his friends that I had forgot and forgiven what he wrote on me. He is buried as he desired, at the feet of Spenser, and I will take care to make good in every respect what I said to him when living; particularly as to the triplet he wrote for his own epitaph; which, while we were on good terms, I promised him should never appear on his tomb, while I was Dean of Westminster." We quote the inadmissible triplet, because, at this time, the past and present opinions of the Dean and Chapter of Westminster are of some consequence:—

To me 'twas given to die; to thee 'tis given
To live: alas! one moment sets us even—
Mark! how impartial is the will of Heaven.

A melancholy truth, told aptly, is infinitely more admissible than a whole catalogue of virtues which human frailty never could possess.

Congreve followed Prior, but the witty dramatist is buried not in Poets' Corner, but as far from kings and poets as he well could lie. The author of the 'Old Bachelor' died at his house in Surrey Street, in the Strand, whence his body was removed to the Jerusalem Chamber, in Westminster Abbey, where it lay in state, before it was interred in the south transept of the Abbey. The six pall-bearers were, the Duke of Bridgewater, the Earl of Godolphin, Lord Cobham, the Earl of Wilmington, Mr. George Berkeley, and General Churchill.

On the 4th of December died Johnny Gay,—the simple and gentle-hearted Gay, who breathed his last at the Duke of Queensberry's, in Burlington Gardens, from whence, we are told, "his body was brought by the Company of Upholders to Exeter 'change, in the Strand; where, after lying in a very decent state, it was drawn in a hearse trimmed with plumes of black and white feathers, attended with three mourning-coaches and six horsemen, to Westminster Abbey. The pall was supported by the Earl of Chesterfield, Lord Viscount Cornbury; the Hon. Mr. Berkeley, General Dornier, Mr. Gore, and Mr. Pope (the poet). The service was read by the then Dean, Dr. Wilcox, the choir attending."

The body of David Garrick was conveyed from his own house in the Adelphi, on the 1st of February 1779, to Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey, "where it was interred," says Davies, "under the monument of his beloved Shakespeare." The 'Order' of the funeral may be found appended to every Life of the great actor. There was no lying-in-state in the Jerusalem Chamber, but the body was received at the west-door, by the Dean of Westminster, who, attended by the gentlemen of the choir, preceded the corpse up the centre aisle; the full organ and choir performing Purcell's grand funeral service. The pall-bearers, on this occasion, were, the Duke of Devonshire, Earl Spencer, Lord Camden, Earl of Ossory, and Viscount Palmerston. Twenty-four of the principal actors of both theatres; and Dr. Johnson and other members of 'The Club' attended to the grave the man, of whom it was said that his death eclipsed for a time the gaiety of nations.

Dr. Johnson soon followed his friend and pupil, Garrick, to the grave. "His funeral was attended," says Boswell, "by a respectable number of friends, particularly such of the members of the Literary Club as were in town; and was also honoured with the presence of several of the Reverend Chapter of Westminster. Mr. Burke, Sir Joseph Banks, Mr. Windham, Mr. Langton, Sir Charles Bunbury, and Mr. Colman bore his pall. His schoolfellow, Dr. Taylor, performed the mournful office of reading the funeral service." The great lexicographer lies buried close to the coffin of his friend Garrick.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan died in Saville Row, on the 7th of July, 1816, and on the 14th, his body was buried in the south cross-aisle of Westminster Abbey. His pall-bearers were the Duke of Bedford, Earl of Lauderdale, Earl Mulgrave, the Lord Bishop of London, Lord Holland, and Earl Spencer. May we not exclaim with Pope, on this funeral solemnity:—

"But yet the rich have something in reserve,
They help'd to bury whom they help'd to starve!"

Shakespeare, as every one knows, was buried in the chancel of the church at Stratford, where there is a monument to his memory. Chapman and Shirley are buried in St. Giles's in the Fields; Marlowe in the churchyard of St. Paul's, Deptford; Fletcher and Massinger in the churchyard of St. Saviour's, Southwark; Dr. Donne in Old St. Paul's; Edmund Waller in Beconsfield churchyard; Milton in the churchyard of St. Giles's, Cripplegate; Butler in the churchyard of St. Paul's, Covent Garden; Otway, no one knows where; Garth in the church at Harrow; Pope in the church at Twickenham; Swift in St. Patrick's, Dublin; Savage in the churchyard of St. Peter's, Bristol; Parnell at Chester, where he died on his way to Dublin; Dr. Young, at Welwyn, in Hertfordshire, of which place he was the rector; Thomson in the churchyard at Richmond, in Surrey; Collins in St. Andrew's church at Chichester; Gray in the churchyard of Stoke-Pogeis, where he conceived his 'Elegy'; Goldsmith in the churchyard of the Temple church; Falconer at sea, with "all ocean for his grave"; Churchill in the churchyard of St. Martin's, Dover; Cowper in the church at Dereham; Chatterton, in a churchyard belonging to the parish of St. Andrew's, Holborn; Burns in St. Michael's churchyard, Dumfries; Byron in the church at Hucknall, near Newstead; Crabbe at Trowbridge; Coleridge in the church at Highgate; Sir Walter Scott in Dryburgh Abbey; Southey in Crossthwaite church, near Keswick; Shelley, "beneath one of the antique weed-grown towers surrounding ancient Rome"; Keats beside him, "under the pyramid, which is the tomb of Cestius"; and Thomas Campbell, in Poets' Corner, in Westminster Abbey.

Few of our poets would appear to have left any particular directions about their graves. Dr. Doane designed his own strange monument for old St. Paul's; "Mat, alive and in health, of his tombstone took care;" and Swift expressed a wish on paper that he should be buried in some dry part of St. Patrick's Cathedral: "I desire (he says in his will) that my body may be buried in the great aisle of St. Patrick's Cathedral on the south side, under the pillar next to the monument of Primate Narcissus Marsh; three days after my decease, as privately as possible, and at 12 o'clock at night." Pope has an epitaph "for One (meaning himself) who would not be buried in Westminster Abbey." "As to my body (he says), my will is that it be buried near the monument of my dear parents at Twickenham, and that it be carried to the grave by six of the poorest men of the parish, to each of whom I order a suit of grey coarse cloth as mourning." "I do desire (says Gray) that my body may be deposited in the vault, made by my late dear mother in the churchyard of Stoke Pogeis, near Slough, in Buckinghamshire, by her remains, in a coffin of seasoned oak, neither lined nor covered." Men, like ladies, have their particularities for the grave—and where they are reasonable in request, it is only common charity to see them carried into execution.

It is a singular circumstance, unobserved on this occasion, that another of our poets should have died, like Campbell, at Boulogne. This was Charles Churchill, who died in that city, on the 4th of November, 1764. The coincidence is still more curious, because there was some talk at the time of making a formal application for placing a monument to his memory, "amongst our ancient poets." "Some of his admirers (says Southey) were inconsiderate enough to talk of erecting a monument to him in Westminster Abbey; but if permission had been asked it must necessarily have been refused; it would have been not less indecent to grant than to solicit such an honour, for a clergyman who had thrown off his gown, and renounced, as there appeared too much reason to apprehend, his hope in Christ."

The remains of Mr. Campbell were brought from Boulogne on Sunday last, and deposited two days after in a vault under the Jerusalem Chamber, preparatory to his interment in Poets' Corner on the following Wednesday. The friends and admirers of the poet were made aware by letter of the day of burial, with an intimation at the same time, that the executors and friends would assemble in the Jerusalem Chamber, and follow from that celebrated room their lamented poet to his grave. In compliance with this intimation, so completely accordant with their own feelings, upwards of one hundred noblemen and gentlemen assembled in the Jerusalem Chamber. Amongst those present, we observed: the Duke of Argyll, the Earl of Aberdeen, Lord Morpeth, Lord Brougham, Lord Campbell, Lord Leigh, and Sir Robert Peel (pall bearers), Lord Strangford, Lord Dudley Stuart, Sir John Hobhouse, the Belgian Ambassador, Mr. Macaulay, Mr. Disraeli, Mr. Sheil, Sir Percy Shelley, Mr. Monckton Milnes, Sir John Hanmer, Dr. Croly, Mr. Lockhart, the Rev. W. Harness, Mr. Emerson Tennent, Mr. Dyce, Mr. Browning, &c., with the two executors Dr. Beattie and Mr. William Moxon.

By some unfortunate mismanagement, the procession had moved on, and part of the service had commenced before the poet's friends in the Jerusalem Chamber, were made aware that their attend-

ance was required. On entering the Abbey after the summons came, it was seen at a glance that a push must be made by all who desired to be present at the ceremony, for crowds unasked had already assembled, with greater opportunities of getting within the limits of seeing. A quick succession of feet was heard—then a run, and a cry of "stand back," while a spiked barrier was closed by the vergers. All was crush, disorder, and remonstrance: Farquhar's description of Dryden's funeral came across our minds, and then the scene described by Mrs. Thomas, and demolished by Malone. Nor did we forget a memorable stanza in Coleridge:—

To see a man tread over graves
I hold it no good mark;
'Tis wicked in the sun and moon,
And bad luck in the dark.

Remonstrances were at length of some avail, a flash of information coming across the attendants' minds, that the "old companions" of the poet were wholly excluded. Spiked barriers and iron gates began to open, and the friends of the poet, by the time the service was half over, were permitted to come forward. The scene as you approached was strikingly impressive; the whole transept was filled with anxious faces. The pall was placed upon the coffin in the middle of the transept, and the grave was seen dug above the grave of Dr. Johnson, for in so crowded a spot a spare corner for even a poet like Campbell, is of much importance. The well-known voice of Mr. Milman was heard reading the burial service over the grave of his friend and fellow-poet; Sir Robert Peel, and Lord Brougham were seen standing at the foot of Addison's statue, and the present Duke of Argyll at the base of Roubiliac's fine monument to the great Duke of Argyll. All assembled seemed sensible that a poet's ashes were being committed to poetic ground, and all on their departure took pleasure in acknowledging that our great statesmen had done justice to themselves, in paying homage to the majesty of genius.

At that part of the service, where we "commit his body to the ground, earth to earth, ashes to ashes and dust to dust," one of the Polish exiles cast upon the coffin of their friend some earth which he had brought with him from the grave of the great Kosciuszko.

All that now remains to be done, is to erect an appropriate monument to the poet's memory, in Poets' Corner. This should be done at once.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

LETTERS have been received by Captain Grover from Dr. Wolff, written in the desert, only three or four days' journey from Bokhara. The Doctor has received great kindness from the Kaleefa Abul Arrahman, who is described as the spiritual guide of the King of Bokhara, and is dignified by the title of Majesty. "He has given me," writes the Doctor, "letters to the King of Bokhara, and tells me positively that Stoddart is alive, Conolly not quite certain. No public execution had taken place of either of them! I am his guest: he has just now entered my room (this was at Mero), and showed me a letter he had written to the King of Bokhara, stating that it is of the highest importance that Stoddart and Conolly should be given up to me, and reparation made to England for the insult, and not to keep me longer than three days. This letter is to be dispatched by an express Turcomann, and will reach Bokhara before me. His Majesty also sends with me one of his own relations, to introduce me properly to the King of Bokhara." But in an address to Missionary Societies, received by the same packet, the Doctor writes less hopefully. He therein observes:—"Since I left Teheran, the prospects of my finding, well and alive and free, my friends Stoddart and Conolly become, with the progress of my journey towards Bokhara, dimmer and dimmer, and daily more cloudy. I find everywhere, it is true, people who tell me that both are alive, and it is also a fact that no public execution has been witnessed at Bokhara; and it is also true that the Kaleefa, the holy dervish of the Mowr, whose hospitable tent I left yesterday, escorted by one of his relations, and other Turcomans, towards Bokhara, tells me that Stoddart certainly was alive; but it is also certain that if they are alive, they must sigh in the miserable prison called Harum Seray." In case that you should not learn, after my arrival at

Bokhara, that both Conolly and Stoddart are dead, and even my own head has fallen by the hand of the ruler of Bokhara, I beseech you, then, to exert all your powers for some higher purpose, for some more noble purpose than avenging the death of those excellent and gallant officers and other Europeans—I mean, exert your powers, then, for the purpose of ransoming two hundred thousand Persian slaves, and several Italians, as Giovanni, the watchmaker, &c. And I also beseech you to learn, should you hear of my own execution, that there was a Jew who has been enabled, by God's grace, to expose his life for the purpose of saving the lives of Gentiles. And you, noble relations of my beloved Georgiana, should you hear that my head has fallen at Bokhara, be kind to my wife, and to my dear son."

The papers make mention of a piece of good fortune lately befallen Mr. Leigh Hunt, with which, we are sure, our readers will heartily sympathize; not merely for the case of mind which it ensures to an old literary friend, in the autumn of his life, but for the lustre which is thereby reflected on other and honoured names. The facts we believe to be these:—Only two or three days before his untimely death, Percy Bysshe Shelley mentioned to his wife his intention of making some provision for Mr. Hunt, should he ever succeed to the family property. On the death of Sir Timothy, almost the first act of the grandson, the present Sir P. Percy Shelley, was to fulfil the intentions of his father, and settle an annuity of 130*l.* a-year on Mr. and Mrs. Hunt, and the survivor.

On the strength, we presume and hope, of former success, Mr. Kemble has commenced a new course of Shakspearian Readings. In the present state of the stage, these Readings are nearly all that remain to give an idea of the old acted drama; and they are, on that account, of especial value to young people. While every girl is expected to sit down to the piano and sing for the entertainment of friends, not one in fifty, nor one in five hundred, is capable of reading a song with anything like dramatic effect; how, then, is it possible they can sing it? For singing is but another and more emphatic form of reading. The difficulties, we admit, are greater than might be at first supposed; the difficulty, indeed, of reading one of Shakspeare's plays greater, perhaps, than stage personation; for the actor has but to preserve the self-consistency of a particular character, whereas the reader must mark distinctly the character of each and all the dramatic personae, and contrast them even in the most subordinate parts. But the admitted difficulty only makes the preliminary study all the more necessary.

The *Ruins of Baalbec* form the subject of Mr. Burford's new Panorama; perhaps less of popular interest is attached to these wonders of ancient art, than to most of the scenes recently exhibited by the indefatigable painter; and the ruins may, in themselves, be thought on too grand a scale for the smaller circle within which it is exhibited. But these objections disposed of, the Panorama is one of great interest, and of unusual beauty, as a work of Art. Architectural subjects trust themselves particularly well to this species of illustration, and perhaps MM. Bouton and Daguerre themselves, in their careful days, never painted stone-work so as to give a greater effect of reality and perspective, than Messrs. Burford and Selous have done in parts of this picture.

The last meeting of the Horticultural Society is to take place on Saturday next, and the Duke of Devonshire has announced his intention of again throwing open his beautiful grounds at Chiswick. We hear, too, of unusual preparation for a sort of "monster concert." In addition to the three bands, which usually enliven the scene, the Royal Marine Band has, it is reported, been engaged, and the whole are, twice during the afternoon, to play in concert. If the weather be propitious, it is difficult to calculate on the numbers that may be present, considering that at the last meeting there were no less than 13,517! These rational and delightful out-of-door meetings seem, indeed, increasing in public favour; at the last of the Botanic Society, held on Tuesday in the Regent's Park, nearly 4,000 persons assembled, although the weather was anything but tempting.

A miniature of Milton has recently come to light, and become the property of the Duke of Buccleugh, who purchased it for one hundred guineas. "It was

sold a few weeks since," says our informant, "among some rubbishy paintings, by Mr. Foster, which had been imported from France, and had belonged to a Mr. Villiers, a deceased English resident at Tours. The miniature was bought at Mr. Foster's sale for 2*l.* 10*s.* in an apparently dirty and dilapidated state, which veiled, but did not absolutely hide its delicate execution. It was called a portrait of 'Milton,' but considered of doubtful authenticity. Upon examining it, when taken from its old frame, the monogram of S. C. (Samuel Cooper), one of the earliest and best of our miniature painters, was found in slight lines at the right hand of the portrait. Some old French paper and gold beaters' skin were carefully peeled from the back of it, and the following inscription was discovered—"Milton—painted by Samuel Cooper." The miniature bears a general likeness to the portraits of the great poet, taken after his blindness—but has a finer, more youthful, and more elevated expression. The ordinary portraits of Milton represent him more like the preacher of a conventicle, than an inspired poet: not so this miniature, which I judge to have been taken about the period of his holding office as Latin Secretary, and therefore before his loss of sight. The poet wears a black suit with a lace collar: no hands are shown. This is the second miniature known to exist, the other being at Rokeby. Like the miniatures of the time, it is painted chiefly in body colours, with that great freedom and flowing touch for which Cooper's miniatures are distinguished. The hair at the temple is slightly damaged, but in other respects it is in very fair condition. It may now be seen at Messrs. Dominic Colnaghi's, where it remains for a short time before it goes to the engravers.

The citizens of London, it appears, are not altogether satisfied with their bronze statue of the "iron Duke;" and a variety of objections have been hinted and spoken—to which we will add some of our own. It is, perhaps, needless to insist in the first place, on the inappropriateness of the statue to its site—a fault, if it be one, for which the citizens themselves have to answer. So far as the artist and his work are concerned, its site is a splendid one; but the statue of a warrior seems to us an inappropriate accessory to an edifice, in which "merchants most do congregate." The purposes for which they assemble, flourish best in times which can dispense with such services as those that have made the Duke illustrious—for he is, here, in his military character, and would scarcely have found his way on to a pedestal, in any other. Of course, the answer is obvious, and should, perhaps, be held sufficient. The citizens, choosing to erect a statue to an illustrious soldier and fellow-citizen, gave him, and the memorial, their best site. But, grouping as the work does with the building behind it, and standing on the very spot to which all the commercial associations of the great city tend, as to a centre, we still feel that there would have been more of completeness and unity in the idea, if the hero who is to keep eternal guard in its precinct, had been some especial champion of its charters and constitutions, or a statesman who had done some great thing towards opening up the markets of the world. Mars is not properly the god of merchants. To what extent the faults, which have been found in the work itself, may be attributed to the variety of hands to which it had unhappily to be committed, it may be difficult to say. It is understood, as our readers know, that Chantrey left the complete design, and had executed the full-sized head of the Duke; and the whole work has, unquestionably, the manner of Chantrey visibly impressed on it. But how far he might have altered its details, in the progress of the work, by the correction of his judgment, can never be known—while, of course, no such liberty was permitted to his successor. The principal objection is to the costume—which is a nondescript affair, composed from several differing ideas. It has been said that his Grace was intended to be here represented as he rode at Waterloo—but it may be presumed, that he did not fight that battle bareheaded nor in his slippers. The Duke wears here his usual military cloak, his sword is by his side, and his field-marshal's baton in his hand—but the rest of the costume is in no respect military. For the objection which complains of the absence of buttons on the body-coat, we entertain no respect—it is pure hypercriticism. In unessential matters like that (for the

buttons are not a necessity, either here or on the coat itself) something must be conceded to the requirements of art; but it is another thing to confuse, by inconsistencies, the one single idea which should preside over every work of sculpture. The absence of stirrups is another defect, which some examples in the Westminster Collection of Sculpture prove to be unnecessary in an artistic point of view,—and which further takes from the truth of portraiture and costume in the present instance. To our eye, the pedestal is too tall for its own proportions, and with reference to the work to which it is subordinate. It claims too much importance in the group; and the Duke seems perched up too high, and into a very dangerous situation. The pedestal is, in other respects, so small, that the four legs of the charger almost exactly measure its area; and the hind off-leg being thrown a little back, seems stepping over its edge, and bringing that sense of danger to the Duke, which is the principal trait that connects his appearance here with the day of Waterloo. The height of the pedestal (which is of red granite, resting on a course of grey) is fourteen feet, and of the horse and rider fourteen more. The other proportions we know not, but they seem to us too narrow, if the pedestal be not too high. Nevertheless, the work is, in many respects, a fine one. The likeness of the Duke is said to be admirable,—though, at that height, it did not so strike us. The rider sits his horse as easily and naturally as the want of stirrups will allow; but the upright posture is gained by a greater projection of the chest than is true of the subject—giving a character of portliness to a figure remarkable for being spare. The horse is treated with much freedom and cleverness; its attitude of rest combined with great indication of life—positive energy and spirit being skillfully conveyed in the quiet language of Chantrey's peculiar chisel. The cost of this statue was 10,500*l.*—9000*l.* being the contract made in 1839, with Chantrey—and 1,500*l.*, that of the metal, since given to the committee by the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

A picture of considerable dimensions, pretensions, and price, has lately been on the threshold of the National Collection, but penetrated no farther. It is ascribed to *Gaudenzio Ferrari*, an artist whose fame, and indeed name, has made little way in England—an artist, however, better known even here by repute than by his genuine productions, which besides the Alps, have had to surmount the much more altitudinous barriers of Bad Taste that surround this so far doubly-insulated island. Gaudenzio was a Milanese, or rather Novarese, disciple of Foppa's ancient, of Leonardo's later, and of Raffael's succeeding school; his native genius enabled him to rise above the mere mimic into a master, and to rank among the very first-rate Lombard celebrities. Lomazzo, we admit, his compatriot and artistic grandson, over-exalts him, when he puts him on a level with Leonardo, Raffael, Michael, &c., as one of the seven supreme "Governors," in his visionary "Temple of Art;" but again Vasari does him scant justice by his postscript praises, at the end of other painters' lives, not worthier to be written at large than Gaudenzio's, had the biographer troubled himself about fishing out truth, beyond the immediate neighbourhood of his beloved Val-d'Arno. Travellers who have remarked how many an obscure little Cispadane chapel has taken a splendid air from the colours of this grand old limner, how many a high altar has acquired new solemnity from his colossal Scripture-pieces, will perhaps acknowledge that a fine work of Gaudenzio would not discredit the National Gallery, nay, could not be excluded thence without discrediting the establishment. Whether indeed such a work has floated thitherward, is a distinct question; we should almost as soon look for a piece of Noah's Ark upon Primrose Hill: but the picture above-said possesses claims worth some consideration and discussion. Though called a 'Nativity,' it rather represents an 'Adoration,' the Virgin, St. Joseph, three Angels, and a Churchman, kneeling around the Infant whom a skirt of its mother's mantle enfolds: two other cherubim are flying down with the sacred scroll; behind, an extensive landscape. Beautiful expression, but less deep than we should have reckoned on in a Gaudenzio, distinguishes the performance; more softness and ease of outline too, more impasto and broader manipulation; not at all so antiquated

a style throughout as we recollect in his works. The colour may be pronounced rich and sweet; here again we miss the sombre and adust tone characteristic of the best Milanese masters. Raffael himself might have painted that very Raffaelesque Cardinal, with his left hand: from the mitre at its knee, we conjecture it an archbishop, perhaps *Arceimbaldi*, because even amidst their profoundest humility, cardinals seldom hide their superb insignia—red hats. The Virgin's forms are somewhat mean; much of the workmanship, e.g. in the landscape, and background, and the hair, is timid; yet Gaudenzio was remarkable for majestic design, and an iron decision of pencil. These latter qualities give an original air to a similar picture possessed by the Brussels Museum, but of course held to be a copy by those who have possessed this replica. Some minor differences exist between the two; the present one calls itself the *Taverna* specimen, and the palace so-named at Milan did contain a presumptive Gaudenzio some years since entitled a 'Holy Stable,' whatever authentication that may amount to. Thus far we can entertain no doubt,—the picture has pre-eminent merits, specimen or not,—specimen of our artist's best manner or worst. Its condition appears very tolerable; the importer (Mr. Farrer,) refused two thousand pounds from Government, and accepted two thousand five hundred guineas from Mr. Holford. We congratulate all parties, the picture-dealer on receiving a good price, the proprietor on obtaining a good work, and the Government on losing a problematical Gaudenzio which, even were it genuine, bears none of his individualism about it. These old fashioned painters are chiefly estimable for their native, primitive, distinctive excellencies, their peculiarities illustrative of art in their age and nation; when they endeavour to improve by imitating a polished style, they sacrifice most often the *naïveté* that charmed us, and the stern character that awed us into reverence of their uncouthness itself. We have recommended antique pictures to the National Gallery, but against modern-antiques, let them be ever such magnificent mongrels, we would enter a caveat, if not a protest. When indeed an artist was born a second time,—almost as difficult a process to the mind as the body,—when he became a new man, his intellectual metamorphosis may have been profitable: *Immacolato da Imola* for example, of whose genius Mr. Solly possesses a rare specimen, the Ercolani altar-piece. By the by, this same gentleman has a *Luini*, of entrancing loveliness, like all his works, which we would fain see in the public collection; it is far too important, both pictorially and chronologically, to remain shut up in any private seclusion.

A curious announcement is abroad in the musical world, namely, the engagement of Herr Staudigl at the *Académie Royale* of Paris. We wish—a wish we have of late been frequently obliged to express—that this excellent dramatic artist may not be too recklessly flying at every sort of game. The audiences of the Rue Lepelletier are by no means easy to conquer, or easy to retain; and we shall be curious to see how far the *basso* can adapt himself to their style, or convert them to his. The want of that company now—and without which no patching will avail—is a *prima donna*.

The Academy of Fine Arts, in Paris, has elected M. Adolphe Adam, to fill the chair vacated in that body, by the death of M. Berton; and the journals of that metropolis assert, we know not with what correctness, that Mdlle. Taglion's retirement, of which we have spoken, will not be immediate. According to them, it is her intention to make a round of farewell visits to the chief cities of her popularity—a pilgrimage of leave-taking which is expected to occupy her about two years.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS, TRAFALGAR SQUARE.
THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY IS NOW OPEN.
Admission, (from Eight o'clock till Seven) 1s.; Catalogue 1s.
HENRY HOWARD, R.A. Sec.

THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—The FORTIETH ANNUAL EXHIBITION at their GALLERY, 5, Pall Mall East, OPEN, each day from Nine till Dusk. Will CLOSE Saturday next, July 13th. Admission 1s.; Catalogue 6d.
J. W. WRIGHT, Sec. (see the late R. HILLS.)

THE TENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS IS NOW OPEN at their Gallery, FIFTY-THREE, Pall Mall, next the British Institution, from 9 o'clock till Dusk. Admission 1s.; Catalogue 6d.
JAMES FAHEY, Secretary.

GREAT ATTRACTION.—DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK, NOW OPEN, with a NEW EXHIBITION, representing the Interior of the Abbey Church of St. Ouen, at Rouen; and an Exterior View of the Cathedral of Notre Dame at Paris. Both Pictures are painted by M. Renoux, and exhibit various novel effects of light and shade.—Open from Ten till Six.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—May 29.—The President, Mr. Warburton, in the chair.—The Rev. Professor Sedgwick read the conclusion of his 'Memoirs on the Geology of North Wales.'

June 12.—The President, Mr. Warburton, in the chair.—The following papers were read:—'On Fluorine in Bones, its Source and its Application to the ascertainment of Geological Time,' by Mr. J. Middleton.—The author having analyzed and determined the amount of fluoride of calcium in recent bone, in that of an ancient Greek, of a mummy, and in the bones of fossil vertebrata, from the Siwalic hills, found the proportions increase according to the age. He instituted a series of experiments on aqueous deposits of different kinds and ages, and found fluorine also present in them, with a single exception. He refers its presence in bones to deposition from fluids, and hence accounts for its great abundance in fossil bones, which had long been exposed to aqueous infiltration.

'On the Cliffs of Northern Drift on the Coast of Norfolk between Weybourne and Happisburgh,' by Mr. J. Trimmer.—The author describes such changes as have occurred along the line of cliffs between Weybourne and Happisburgh since Mr. Lyell's visit in 1840. He gives an account of the present state of the pinnacle of chalk at Old Hythe point, and holds with Mr. Lyell, that it is separated from the fundamental chalk by the ferruginous breccia of the crag. The southern mass of chalk near Trimmingham has been greatly reduced. The author's observations lead him to conclude that the till and freshwater deposit between Mundesley and Trimmingham are so interlaced as to indicate that they were in part contemporaneous. He regards the northern drift containing shells as having been transported on ice, but as differing materially from ordinary raised beaches. Mr. Trimmer concludes from the phenomena exhibited at Happisburgh, that the land on which the elephant and hippopotamus lived was submerged beneath an icy sea, and that there was an antecedent conversion of a sea bottom, the Norwich crag, into a terrestrial surface.

A letter was read from Mr. Jeffreys, of Swansea, to the Rev. Dr. Buckland, describing several raised sea-bottoms, forming platforms on the shores of Loch Carron and the neighbouring coast of Scotland, some of them fifty feet and more above high-water mark, containing shells similar to those found living in the neighbouring sea.

June 26.—The President, Mr. Warburton, in the chair.—'Notice of the Tertiary Deposits in the South of Spain,' by Mr. Smith, of Jordanhill. The author has found a tertiary deposit bordering the Bay of Gibraltar. This agrees in its fossils with the beds observed by Col. Silvertop in Murcia and Granada. Mr. Smith has found similar beds at Cadiz, and between Xeres and Seville. All these deposits agree with those of Malta and Lisbon, and belong to a great expanse of miocene tertiary, which extends from Greece to the Straits of Gibraltar and the shores of Portugal, and from Malta to Vienna.

'On the Stonesfield Slate of the Cotteswold Hills,' by Mr. Buckman and the Rev. P. B. Brodie.—The Stonesfield slate in the Cotteswold range occupies an area of more than fifty miles. It is identical in lithological and paleontological characters with that at Stonesfield. It is so intermixed with as scarcely to be separable from the ragstone, and hence the authors conclude that it is a part of the great oolitic formation, and was deposited by the same sea in which the great oolite itself was formed, and owed its origin to certain mixed conditions arising from the influx of rivers into an ocean interspersed with numerous scattered islands, abounding with a luxuriant vegetation, and inhabited by numerous terrestrial animals; which view, they hold, is borne out by the quantity of plants which occur throughout the Stonesfield slate beds, and also from the relics of land animals, such as the *Dilophis* and *Pterodactylus*. The clays which lie upon the slate may possibly represent the Bradford clay, or, if not, are the equivalents of certain clay beds,

containing *Apiocrinites*, which, in Wiltshire, separate the freestone from a lower stratum of freestone of a coarser texture.

'Description of a Fossil Ray from Mount Lebanon,' by Sir Philip Grey Egerton, Bart. M.P.—The author describes a new and most remarkable fossil fish brought from Syria by Capt. Graves, R.N. It is a true ray, much resembling those of the present period, but entirely surrounded by a broad flexible cartilagino-membranous fin. The skin appears to have been smooth, and there are no traces of dermal spines, tubercles, or defensive weapons. From its apparent helplessness, Sir Philip Egerton conjectures that it was probably armed, like the torpedo, (to which it is in some respects allied,) with an electrical apparatus. He names it *Cyclobatis oligodactylus*.

'Description of some New Species of Fossil Fish, from the Oxford Clay of Christian Malford,' by Sir Philip Grey Egerton.—Three new species are described in this communication, the *Lepidotus macrochirus*, the *Leptolepis macrophthalmus*, and the *Aspidorhynchus enodus*. They were procured by the Marquis of Northampton and Mr. Pratt.

'On certain Calcareo-conerous Bodies found in the Outer Chambers of Ammonites,' by Mr. H. E. Strickland.—These bodies are semicircular, very thin, slightly concave plates, usually corneous, sometimes more or less calcareous. Mr. Strickland regards them as having formed laminar appendages to other animals of the Ammonites, adapted to discharge some unascertained function. They resemble the two expanded valves of *Aptychus*, soldered together; and the author considers it as allied to that fossil, to which he attributes a similar origin.

ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY.—June 14.—Lord Wrottesley, Vice-President, in the chair. W. Simms, Esq. was elected a Fellow. The following communications were read:—

'Some remarks on the Telescopical Appearance of the Moon, accompanying a Model and a Drawing of a Portion of her Surface,' by J. Nasmyth, Esq. The model and drawing submitted, represent a portion of the moon's surface of 190 by 160 miles, situated in the upper part of her left limb, as seen in an inverting telescope. The author selected the portion above mentioned as a subject for a model by reason of its comprising in a small space most of the chief features which so remarkably distinguish her surface. The model was constructed with a view of illustrating the close relationship which appears to exist between the structure of the lunar surface and that of a considerable portion of the earth, in regard to the similarity in the results of vast volcanic action. The author in reference to the nature of the peculiarities of the surface of the moon, first remarks on the *vast size* of the lunar craters as compared with those on the surface of the earth. Of these there exist some of the enormous magnitude of 150 miles in diameter, besides other circular formations, such as the 'Mare Serenitatis,' and 'Mare Crisium,' which are from 200 to 300 miles in diameter, and which evidently owe their form to volcanic action of prodigious central energy. This enormous effect, compared with that of volcanic agency on the earth's surface, will appear less surprising when we consider that the mass of the moon is scarcely the $\frac{1}{80}$ th part of that of the earth, and that consequently, the weight of the materials acted on by the volcanic force is diminished very considerably compared with bodies on the earth's surface: the probable want of atmospheric resistance will also assist in accounting for the immensely greater effects produced. The beautiful and almost perfectly circular form of the majority of the lunar craters may be due to the absence of wind or other disturbing causes, permitting the discharged materials to perform the course due to the impulse comparatively free from all impediment. Next to the circular form of the craters, the author considers that there is no feature more striking than the small cones or mounds which we observe in the centre of most of the craters. These he considers to be the result of the last expiring efforts of the volcanic action, as we find it to be the case in Vesuvius and other terrestrial volcanoes. Other cases exist in which there is no such central cone; but these may have resulted from the more sudden termination of the volcanic action which had permitted the fluid sooner to float across the bottom of the crater, and to form that plain, smooth surface

which may be seen in a few cases. One has been, however, observed by the author in the upper part of the right limb of the moon, in which the lava had apparently kept flowing up so gently to the last as to leave the crater brimfull. The ruts or channels which may be distinctly observed in the sides or banks of the outside circular mounds, and which frequently extend to a considerable distance, prove that the matter discharged has not been entirely of a solid nature. Blocks of solid materials also appear to have been discharged with vast force and in a vast quantity. They may, in many cases, be observed lying along the bases of the larger craters, where the surface is rendered quite rough by the quantity of such detached fragments. The last peculiarity, adverted to by the author, consists in the bright lines which generally converge to a centre, and in which we frequently find a crater of very considerable magnitude. The material of these bright lines is evidently of a much more reflective nature than the contiguous or general surface of the moon, and in most cases the interior of the crater to which they converge is equally resplendent. The author considers them to be derived from the same original cause which produced the central volcano, from which they appear to diverge.

* Observations on the Solar Eclipse of 1843, December 21, made at the Observatory of Trevandrum, by J. Caldecott, Esq.

* Sextant Measures of the Sun at the Eclipse of the Sun on the 21st December, 1843, by Captain Sir E. Belcher, R.N.

* On a Graphical Method of Predicting Occultations, by J. I. Waterston, Esq.

* Some Remarks on the Great Comet of 1843, as seen in the neighbourhood of Paramatta, N. S. W., by the Rev. W. B. Clarke.

* Observations made at the observatory at Hamburg, by C. Rumker, Esq.

MEETING FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

THE Zoological Society, half-past 8, P.M.—Scientific Business.

FINE ARTS

EXHIBITION AT WESTMINSTER HALL.

The Frescoes.—There is more than the usual amount of food for hope and fear in this Exhibition. It is but twelve months since that many persons—and these no unpatrician maligners of English talent—waited anxiously the solution of the question whether or not our young artists could stand the test of a cartoon. This, on the whole, was answered satisfactorily. Then came fears that their inexperience would shrink from the manipulative difficulties of fresco painting. The reply is now before the public. We confess to have been somewhat amused by the tone of triumph current in Westminster Hall on the opening day. Had we attended to its flattering complacencies, we must have believed that fresco painting was one of those things which are understood by its instinct—come by nature—that its colours are more manageable, its effects far more certain, than in oil painting. From no single echo could we gather an admission or a whisper about difficulties. Truly, we English are a bold and courageous people! Nowhere but in our confident island could trial be mistaken for triumph. When the decorators of the Villa Massimi at Rome had proved their power;—then the King of Bavaria—liberal as far-sighted—made over the arcades of the *Hofgarten*, as a practising ground, to all who wished to try their skill—and, years afterwards, the decorations of the *Residenz* were begun! Three autumns since, when we were at Munich, there was already a whisper significant of progress; of the possibility of *changing* the illustrations of some of the earliest-executed chambers—or, in plain speech, painting them over again!

It may be well for all, save such as believe that our young painters can be great artists, independent of experiment and practice, to keep this train of facts in mind: at all events, it will furnish some insight into the view we take of these English frescoes, which we can only consider as beginnings, betokening enterprise and intelligence; and, as such, full of promise. But that the true use and application of colour is yet a mystery, is proved to be the rule by the one or two exceptions which excite surprise. Many of the works exhibited resemble the real thing about as closely as a

piece of Gobelin tapestry, with its foxy flesh tints, resembles the ripe and dewy or glowing carnations of Titian. Some of the aspirants, in trying for depth, have achieved a terra-cotta brown; others, when given up to delicacy, have managed a sort of powdery violet and yellow pink, no nearer life than the hue of the waxen fruit-makers' apples and peaches. Others, again, have contented themselves with specimens, little nearer pictorial representation than the monochromatic frieze which pedantically garnishes one of the halls of the aforesaid Munich palace. These and a dozen other defects were anticipated by all who had reflected on the subject; wherefore, the good points, as matters hardly to be hoped for, should derive a double measure of welcome and admiration. We shall now proceed to details.

No. 5, *Landscape and Figures, Recollections of Naples*, by Mr. Aglio. This is the artist who painted the Hall of Commerce at Manchester, some twelve years since; and whose works there, almost before the plaster was dry, began to change. The composition and the colouring are about on a par with French decorative paper; but the flesh is, nevertheless, more human than some near which it is exhibited. Mr. Aglio's experience, indeed, has provided him with a more delicate palette than many of his contemporaries.

No. 12, *Fair Rosamond in Woodstock Park, awaiting the Arrival of Henry II.*, by Mr. Edward Corbould. This artist, as we have often had occasion to mention, has of late made great advance in manliness of design. This is evident in his conception of the figure of the Rose of Woodstock. She is delicate and womanly—fair, but not too fair; how far a fitting decoration for our Houses of Legislature let the Bench of Bishops decide. But the colouring is faded—mildewy violets, ochrey pinks, grey and drab greens, give a funeral look to her bower, in sad harmony, it is true, with her story;—but not, we apprehend, what the artist meant.

No. 9, *Prayer*, by Mr. J. C. Horsley, the border designed by Mr. Owen Jones. This, and the artist's fresco on the other side of the hall, *Peace*, No. 63, will be among the favourite works in the Exhibition, though not wholly with our assent. As a designer Mr. Horsley shows every year an increased feeling for the domestic, the pure, and the devotional. Weak, and frequently incorrect as a draughtsman, he can still give great sweetness of expression to his female countenances, and an easy breadth to his draperies, for which his early pictures in the cabinet style had not prepared us; but it is evident from the specimens here exhibited that he has not been sure of his materials. 'Prayer' is a profile head in a white drapery: the tones of the flesh have sunk into the tan grey complexion; and the intensity of this would be even more obvious were not the background a sky of the most intense blue, giving the work the appearance of a piece of inlaying. Yet, to moderate the heaviness, not to say violence of this background, a rich and gorgeous arabesque frame of gold, and azure, and scarlet has been executed by Mr. Owen Jones. Here, then, at least, the difficulty is anything but vanquished. In 'Peace' the only positive colour is a pale red in the under-garment—the rest of the work, which is life-size, having little more variety than a piece of *chiaroscuro*. The more the countenance and the attitude charm us as appropriate, the more do we regret the strange tint into which the lilies and roses of the celestial visitant have subsided.

No. 18, *Boadicea*, by Mr. Warren. Too melodramatic as a design to pass without wonder. There is, however, a nearer approximation to *tone*, in portions of it, than we find in some of its tapestry-hued neighbours.

No. 29 *The Combat*, by Mr. Charles Hancock, is a striking and vigorous work. It is, however, more a study of horses and armour than of men: the great stumbling-block being thus avoided; indeed, only the smallest portion of the stooping knight's face is seen. But there is nothing in the Exhibition so bright and vigorous as the white charger, both in relief and finish. The sky behind is well-nigh as deep in tint as in Mr. Horsley's cartoon, but the superior force in the whole work prevents the contrast from becoming oppressive.

We must specify Mr. H. J. Stanley's *Head of Alfred* (36), and Mr. F. P. Stephanoff's *Golden Age* (38), as among the better efforts here displayed. Mr. Armitage's contributions will disappoint

those who founded greater hopes on his last cartoon than he ventured to do. It is true that the first, *Ophelia* (45), a cartoon—proves a certain mastery over female grace; and this was needed by way of counterpoise to the huge encaustic *Fates* (46) which alarm the gazer from the other side of the hall: a composition, in a frigid mythological style, and not redeemed by any peculiar graces in the treatment. On the contrary, encaustic, as here exhibited, would seem to stand as the "leadens mean" betwixt the rich and seductive graces of oil and the simplicity and grandeur of *fresco*. The fault, however, may not wholly lie with the painter, but in part with the medium. We remember being struck, in like unpleasant way, with the rooms painted by Hilkenasperger in encaustic, at Munich. Nos. 48 and 49 are attempts at fresco by Mr. Armitage: the former, as a study, has a certain stern and antique massiveness which is not displeasing; but the painting of both is coarse and defective, and seems already perishable.

The next design to be noticed is Mr. Redgrave's *Loyalty* (51), a single figure, destined for an upright panel, of the stout-hearted Catherine Douglas who interposed her woman's arm between James of Scotland and his murderers. By an explanatory sketch underneath the fresco we perceive that the subject is treated with a scenic ingenuity worthy of notice; two effective side-pictures being made of the terrified royal group, on the one hand, and the approach, on the other, of the assassins. We remember no figure by Mr. Redgrave so forcible as this of the heroic maiden, chargeable though it be with his frequent fault, feebleness of drawing: the light is well managed—the expression suited to the momentous juncture. To such a subject, too, the low and embrowned tone to which the colours have already sunk is not wholly inappropriate.

No. 53, *The Meeting of Jacob and Rachel*, by Mr. Cope. This is certainly one of the gems of the Exhibition. Few, if any, of our artists have so fine a feeling for the simplicity of Scripture as Mr. Cope: a certain timidity may be objected to, which makes all his life-size figures below, rather than above, the heroic stature; but that this is unaccompanied by feebleness, all who recollect 'The First Trial by Jury' will bear witness. If we find this composition less interesting than others by Mr. Cope, it may, in some measure, be the fault of the subject, which does not rise beyond the idyllic; and, from time immemorial, idyls have been but gentle insipidities. A difficulty in fresco-painting has been evaded by the oriental complexion, of which the painter could legitimately avail himself. Mr. Cope's work is more of a picture than the generality of its compeers: a few more trials will, probably, bring him right.

We must notice Mr. Hart's *Parting of Sir Thomas More and his Daughter* (60) as one of the essays adverted to in our preamble, where an attempt at delicacy of flesh-tint has misled the painter into a choice of gay colours, which are neither true nor well-imagined. What a contrast between the mother-of-pearl bluish pinks and greenish yellows of the martyr and his daughter do we find in the unflattering, burnt-brown colour of the couple of heads (66) contributed by Mr. Dyce, almost destitute of superficial attraction, yet for power, character, and spirit, among the finest things in the Exhibition! The hardness which was so remarkable in this original and thoughtful artist's 'King Josiah,' (*ante*, p. 459,) has been carried by him into his new style of painting. With all this, however, there is originality and decision in these two grave and solemn heads, which, as to expression, remind us of things we have seen from renowned Spanish painters, and, as to execution, promise us a hand capable of grappling with such august and vigorous subjects as ought to have a place on the walls of our chambers of legislation. To criticize by comparison, the last-named good gifts will have their full value with any one who measures the style of this work (its ulterior object not lost sight of) with that of the great *King John* (68), by Mr. Parris, which hangs hard by. This displays great readiness in decorative painting. But a Turkey rug hung on the wall would be as expressive and dignified an illustration of the monarch signing Magna Charta, as this accumulation of ermine, velvet, and other such gorgeous "properties."

Pausing for an instant before the *Puck's Mission*

(69) of Mr. Townsend, that we may admire a certain flowing boldness of outline in the figure of the sleeping lady, and regret that the painter, beyond most of his brother *frescanti*, seems so far from the power of doing justice to his own creations—we must close our remarks on this department of the Exhibition by a word or two on the contribution furnished by Mr. Maclise—No. 74, *The Knight*. We have purposely, throughout this notice, forbore to call attention to those first principles, without attention to which there may be many acres of wall decorated, but there can be no fresco-painting. Having again and again laid down as a canon of composition, that the work which is to form part of a great building, whether sculptural or pictorial, should take a form entirely different from that which is to ornament a gallery, or a chamber, we have refrained from commenting on the disregard of this plain truth evident in the greater number of these designs; the manipulating treatment being subject sufficient for the present notice. But, since Mr. Maclise seems to be the one amongst the exhibitors who has most certainly triumphed over the technicalities of this new branch of art, his work being essentially as clear and harmonious as his pictures, we may, without vexatious strictness, point out its fundamental errors as yet more remarkable than the readiness of hand which it manifests. The composition—merely the parting of a warrior and lady—is all in a flutter with plumes and scarfs and love-locks and veils. Though there be power in the male, beauty in the female figure, so importunate are the details, that the one becomes theatrical extravagance, the other modish affectation. All is strain, bustle, and glare. To pronounce from this exhibition, Mr. Maclise is the best handler of his colours, but he is the most riotous of our designers, and must take "poppy and mandragora" ere his imagination be sober enough to entitle him to take rank, as fellow worker, with the architect, the poet, and the historian.

The Sculptures.—The first thing that strikes the spectator who has been accustomed to visit the similar exhibitions at the National Gallery, in reference to these sculptures, is the fine and striking appearance which they make—ranging, as they do, in a double line, down the centre of the magnificent old hall, and contrasting their cold, white forms, with the varieties of colour on the surrounding walls. Not only do they present an imposing assemblage, as the eye glances down the vast interior, but each work can, here, be separately examined without necessarily grouping it with its neighbours, in such a manner as to offer continual interruption to the sentiment appropriate to its inspection. Sculpture is, here, raised to her proper place among the Arts; and to eyes long accustomed to see her in disgrace, looks almost as if she were astonished at her own honours. Treated by the Academicians as the Cinderella of the Sisters, she has put on her fairy garments, come out in her coach of state, and foots it, with the best of them, down the grand old hall—and coins, we think, the slipper, on the present occasion.

The second remark which the visitor makes is on the mice—the "small deer" (as Mad Tom calls those diminutive steeds) of the profession, who help to draw her coach, on the present occasion. Young artists, unknown to fame, have stolen into the catalogue, under the encouragement of the present opportunity; and the talent which they display is the most encouraging feature of the Exhibition. Excepting some old familiar favourites of the public, which have found their way into this collection, for a more auspicious display of their merits, and some others less fortunate, which are here, as if for a revision of their sentence, under the advantages of improved light and location, the collection is principally remarkable as one of *promise*; and a feeling of reinforcement to the cause of Sculpture testifies to the good done by this Exhibition and the objects for which it is established.

The third noticeable fact is, the predominance of national subjects which a summons for a purpose purely national has naturally produced. That within the limits of that word *national* there is variety enough to suit all tastes and talents, he who would be assured need but run his eye over this catalogue. History, poetry, tradition, and the Scriptures all furnish the materials of Sculpture, in the definition

which it supposes. These, again, have their divisions—of Ancient British, Roman, Saxon, and Modern English—the varieties offered by the three several kingdoms composing Britain Proper, and by her boundless colonial diffusion. Great things for a national Sculpture may be hoped from this change, alone; which is likely to set artists thinking, for themselves, instead of following the thoughts of others, and rendering them in a tongue not their own. We shall have sculptor-authors, now, instead of bad translators from the Greek. In this respect, there is something still to be desired: but out of one hundred works save one, which this Sculpture-collection contains, there are eleven only which cannot be brought within the spirit of the limitation; and some of these we are not sorry to see here, or anywhere else,—because, as we have before had occasion to observe, there are certain of the most spiritual of the Greek fables which the literature of every nation has taken close to its heart, and which can never again be expelled from universal poetry. Such allegories have been naturalized amongst us, and admitted to all the rights of British Sculpture—entitled to purchase, and transmit, fame, throughout all generations, the general law of common sense and taste against foreign subjects for British Sculpture notwithstanding. With a remark upon the further feature of the total absence of the genus *Bust* from this collection, we must proceed to notice a few of the most striking works—all we can do this week. With those performances, however, which are already known to the public—and have been, before, noticed in this publication,—we shall have nothing to do on this occasion:—neither will we meddle—at any rate, not at present,—with those artists who have chosen the classical for their themes;—our business being with the collection, as specially adapted to the purposes which called it together.

For historical portraits in the Sculpture department, the favourite subjects appear to be *Geoffrey Chaucer*, *Lord Bacon*, and *Milton*; no one has ventured upon Shakespeare, which may, we think, be wondered at. *Lord Bacon* is here, three times, and *Chaucer* as many,—the former treated by Mr. Henning, jun. (85), Mr. Henry Sibson (104), and Mr. Thomas Sharp (121)—the latter by Mr. Thomas Plumley (87), Mr. W. C. Marshall (100), and Mr. J. Hancock (111). They are all meritorious works, Mr. Henning's, Mr. Plumley's, and Mr. Marshall's especially so. Mr. Henning's figure has ease of attitude and richness of detail, and the subject, in its singleness, makes up very picturesquely, by the aid of costume. Mr. Plumley's *Chaucer* is well handled, and has much expression in the face, but the conception is bad. The figure is that of a monk. Mr. Marshall's is, in every respect, a fine work, and he may win laurels on this ground. *Milton* is here twice—*Dictating his poem of Paradise Lost to his Daughters* (108), by Mr. W. F. Woodington,—and *Reciting to his Daughters* (133), by Mr. James Legrew. Of these two, the first has great properties. The separate figures are finely composed and modelled, the female faces beautiful. The sentiment of the episode is well conveyed; the share in it of the daughters is told with great sweetness and simplicity—there is, in fact, much from which to augur a successful sculptor. The defect is in the grouping. The effect of the whole is too formal and monumental. The attitude of the blind bard is melodramatic, but his daughters are arranged at each side, and on a lower plane, with the balanced precision of heraldic supporters, or angels that match one another on a tomb. Mr. Legrew's work, inferior in most respects, though still an able performance, has the advantage over its rival in arrangement. The group is well and naturally composed; and there is much beauty too in its separate parts.

One of the most ambitious performances in this Exhibition, and the most imposing in point of size, is, Mr. Lough's group of *Edward I. creating a Knight Banneret* (139). Both horse and rider have been mortally wounded; and the monarch has come up only just in time to administer the consolation of knighthood to the dying man. Sustained in the arms of a trooper, he still holds the banner in his relaxing grasp, while the sword of the monarch is lifted over him. This group is full of Mr. Lough's clever workmanship,—admirable modelling, and

excellent expression. So far as the dying knight is concerned! As separate studies, the horses are executed with great vigour. But the work, in its entirety, has, likewise the faults of Mr. Lough's ambitious style. As we have, so often, had occasion to remark, this artist is ever in extremes. His works, placed together, make paradoxes of each other. Either he is content to work without an effort of the imagination at all, or he attempts too much. For the group before us, in the first place, it does not explain itself. The story is not made out, save in the catalogue of the Exhibition, where it is explained by a long argument. So prosy an epigraph should never be needed to a work of Sculpture. As the wounded knight lies at the feet of the monarch's horse, no one not let into Mr. Lough's secret by his auxiliary art of writing, could suppose that the monarch's uplifted arm was not the one that had struck him to the ground. Nine persons out of ten, we venture to say, shall so read the model. Then, again, the figures are huddled together in great confusion; and everywhere there is a straining for effect, which issues in perplexity. One of these effects is sought, with that unfortunate result, by the meeting horses. The wounded steed has fallen on its haunches,—and the king's, as he reins it in, rears up against the other, producing a combination at once artificial and complex. Mr. Lough's Statuary-Muse wants unity and simplicity,—without which there has been no great sculpture; its expression is always better than its conception. As a further example, there is another work, by this artist, in the Exhibition (129), entitled *The Mourners*, and explained by a copious use of the catalogue,—remarkable at once for its size, beauty, and eccentricity. There is one point of view in which this group may be seen, where it needs no epigraph to tell its story,—and very touchingly it is there told:—Seen from the opposite point of view, nothing is visible but the flanks of a huge white horse. The group, on its legible side, represents a wife, who has made the dead body of her husband on the battlefield, with his charger standing over him. The horse is colossal, presenting its entire broadside to the spectator. The dead soldier lies at its feet—directly in front,—of course, therefore, between them and the next group. The bereaved wife is kneeling—forward, of course, to be beside the body—and her cheek is laid against the head of the horse, which bends down towards its dead master. The expression of the mourner's face is beautiful, but nothing of all this is seen till the spectator reaches the upper end of the long group. The whole of the story is in the last page, to which the length of charger is an unmeaning introduction. The visitor who goes up the hall, walks along a wall of horse-flesh,—in connexion with which he sees nothing, save at the far end, the back of a kneeling female figure; and not till he has reached the extremity of the line, and turned an angle, does he come upon an episode,—which he reads at a glance, and finds to be a very affecting one. These eccentricities, in the case of an able sculptor, like Mr. Lough, are a waste of artistic wealth, and present the unpleasant spectacle of unquestionable genius, thwarting itself.

But here we must, for the present, break off; reserving our remarks on some of the other works in this Exhibition for another occasion.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

ELLA'S THIRTEENTH MATINEE OF INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC is to take place on TUESDAY, July 9, at Three o'clock, at the residence of Lord Salton, No. 1, Great Cumberland-street. Tickets, one Guinea each, to be had of Mr. Ella, 70, Mortimer-street, Döhler, Salton, and Patti perform in a Quartet, Quintet, and Sextet.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The benefit of Mr. Perrot,—unfortunately signalized by another of those accidents, the repetition of which becomes almost fatal to a career like his,—was, otherwise, a delightful evening. Let it be believed or not, there is no pleasure equal to that of honest admiration. One is made young and hopeful by such enchantments as are exercised by Sig. Moriani. His *début* took place in the 'Lucia'—heralded by printed apologies on the score of indisposition; and a very slight hoarseness was, from time to time, perceptible. But what we heard was decisive. Distinctly remembering the voices of Donzelli, Duprez, Nourrit, Ivanoff, and the marvel-

lous no voice of Rubini, (who never, indeed, became a great singer till his organ was destroyed), familiar with the engaging notes of Mario; and well aware that the world declares our present guest to have passed his prime—we are still disposed to assert that nothing has been heard to surpass Signor Moriani's tone. Rich and sweet, without the slightest lusciousness—manly and sonorous in the lower, and thrilling in the upper part of the register, this glorious voice must, of itself, exercise a reviving power over ears more weary and spirits more jaded than ours. It is a chest-voice of two octaves in compass: managed in accordance with the canons of the new Italian school, to which we have frequently adverted of late; that is, the Signor is an expressive, not an executive singer. It is true that the part of *Edgar* neither demands nor admits of such flourishes as Rossini lavished on the music he wrote for first-class tenors in 'Otello,' and 'La Donna del Lago,' and 'Zelmira';—but we gather our opinion from the general disposition shown by our guest to slacken the tempo of every movement, and the fact, that he is least effective in passages of sudden energy: such as the *solo* in the contract scene; where readiness and command in delivery of the voice—gifts only to be insured by indefatigable and patient vocal study—are at least as much wanted as power. The point to which we have called attention, is of such consequence to singers, that we must dwell upon it yet a line longer—insisting that not only does the artist limit his means of effect, by the fashionable mode of cultivation (or escape from cultivation), but, also, shortens his career. The vocalists whom the Porporas and Caffarellis formed, were good for a reign of twenty years at least; and we could point to artists trained on the old method of bending and moulding, not forcing the voice, who are even now fresher and more available, as stage and concert singers, than those of the younger dynasty. It does not follow that Sig. Moriani need have given his last *aria* less exquisitely than he did, if he had mastered all *roulades*, and shakes, and embroideries, which were erst demanded of the singer as graces. True to lecturing, however—Signor Moriani, in 'Lucia,' is one of the most fascinating artists we ever heard: as an actor, passionate and pathetic, without violence or grimace. In short, for a particular repertory, he is an acquisition who cannot be welcomed too heartily: and we are truly glad that success has kept such fair proportion with merit as in his reception. The Signor repeated the part with increased splendour of voice and triumph on Tuesday.

It is enough to say, that the new ballet, 'Zélie,' pleased but little on its first production, and has since been retrenched, owing to M. Perrot's accident: since Mme. Grisi's benefit must be chronicled for the sake of Signor Mario's appearance in 'Otello.' How high this magnificent opera stands in our opinion, our readers have not to be told. The music comes indeed 'o'er the ear, like the sweet South,' and the hero's part is the noblest in the Italian tenor singer's repertory. It is not, however, in Sig. Mario's reach: he leaps at it with fiery impatience and misses it, instead of rising to it and holding it fast, like a master. His voice is essentially a sentimental rather than a passionate or a forcible one; but high style and vivid conception might overcome this unfitness, in place of which our graceful tenor only brings to bear increased animation, identical in quality with that of his *Nemorino*, *Poltone*, and *Genaro*. His *entrata*—the king of *bravuras*!—wanted dignity; the incomparable recitative in the garden scene, that truth and climax which Duprez would give it. In short, the performance was agreeable rather than impressive: there are deeper emotions attainable in the part. Sig. Fornasari was the new *Iago*—inferior, in every respect, to Tamburini. He never seems contented save when shouting or whispering by himself, and all his passages a *due* went tamely and lamely. Sig. Corelli was better than some recent *Rodrigos*; but in style and study some ten years behind Ivanoff: moreover, he was not sure of his part. The first *allegro* of the grand *trio* of the second act gives scope for animation, of which he availed himself bravely, but in the slow movement he was out of tune and vacillating. We must close our notice by mentioning, as among the things we shall not soon forget, Madame Grisi's execution of *Desdemona's* scene in the second act. This is, perhaps, the grandest song for stage display in the entire range of Italian

opera, and we doubt whether it was ever sung with greater force and brilliancy: the divisions on the words "*Io morirò*," were worth many a lesson in *sol-feggi* to all who wish for an example of force combined with volubility. Throughout the evening the *beneficaria* was in her best voice, best looks, and best humour. The house was crowded. The opera season seems "going out like a lion."—Sig. Puzzi gives 'Anna Bolena' for his benefit, next Thursday, in which Sig. Moriani will take the part of *Percy*, and a Signora Rosetti that of *Jane Seymour*. We ought shortly to hear of the promised 'Joan of Arc' for Mlle. Fanny Elssler.

CONCERTS.—Exeter Hall was probably never more densely crowded, than yesterday week; the occasion being the Sacred Harmonic Society's performance of 'St. Paul,' under the direction of Dr. Mendelssohn Bartholdy. Our contemporaries are all but unanimous in pronouncing the exhibition a satisfactory one. To ourselves, it was not so, and we will state the reasons briefly. The orchestra was not in tune; and both band and chorus seemed, more than once, bewildered by the steadiness and animation of the conductor. Then the tenor (to whom belong some of the finest things in the oratorio) has no longer voice enough to fill a room, far less Exeter Hall. Madame Caradori Allan, Miss Dolby, and Herr Staudigl, were the other principal vocalists: all, of course, more satisfactory. The audience, headed by H.R.H. the Prince Albert, who followed the performance on the score, appeared more contented than we could be, with such imperfect execution of the noblest sacred music of modern times.—The pupils of the *Royal Academy of Music* gave their last concert for the season this day week. We have elsewhere expressed our determination not to report on these meetings as musical performances, but merely to touch on such points as illustrate the general management of the institution, and the present state of the art. Accordingly, we shall but observe, that the concert gave us occasion to lament the want of ambition of our young men, or our poverty, as may be,—seeing that to sing the tenor *solos* it was necessary to call in M. Brizzi, who has for some seven years been a full-fledged singer—and to recognize the ingenuity of Miss Kate Loder in composition. The introduction to her version of 'L'Elisir' was performed: one movement of which was a polacca, fresh and sprightly enough to pass muster, were the name of an accredited *maestro* prefixed to it. We had a word or two in type concerning the imperfect articulation of the pupils, but further protest is for the present rendered superfluous, by the announcement that our long and earnestly expressed recommendation has been attended to, in the appointment of a Professor of Declamation. This is a step in the right direction, and rightly made, too, seeing that the gentleman nominated is Mr. Vandenhoff, whose delivery has always been admired as clear, sonorous, and intelligent. Let us hope that every opportunity will be given to him for the thorough fulfilment of the duties of his office.—M. Döhler's second concert justified the opinion, recently expressed, of his progress as a pianist. The *matinée* began with Beethoven's trio in c minor, in which he was joined by MM. Sivori and Piatti. There was a certain *disinvoltura* in the performance (the furthest thing from German expression) which was noticeable and characteristic. Besides this, M. Döhler performed *fantasias* on airs from 'Maometto,' and from 'Saffo'—a *voturno* and *tarentelle*, with the aid of Signor Sivori, which was *encored*, and other characteristic pieces. Two *canzoni* of his composition were sung by Signor Salvi, which possessed sufficient expressiveness and colour to give promise of an opera hereafter: the execution, it is needless to add, was highly finished. But when we are writing about songs, there is no passing over the 'Zuleika' of Dr. Mendelssohn Bartholdy (sung in the present instance by Miss Dolby), and one of the most impassioned breathings of melody ever uttered in a moment of inspiration. There has been nothing like it, since the composer's haunting 'Frühliedlied.' We were startled by the re-appearance of Madame de Meric. Ten years ago, she was a useful and effective, and sure singer. We fear that all re-appearances, after such a lapse of time, fail in their object: and provoke comparisons, the nature of which is proverbial.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—A worse choice (as we remarked last week) could not have been made for the *début* of Miss Austin, than 'L'Elisir d'Amore.' It seems nothing short of marvellous, how manager and musical director can alike have overlooked the obvious fact, that the lady's qualifications do not lie in the direction of comic opera. There have been singers—to go no farther than Madame Vestris—in the very tones of whose voices, fascination lay: actresses, witness the effect of Madame Thillon's ringlets and smile, who had but to show their faces, and pit, boxes, and gallery were propitiated. Some such *charm*, if not absolutely essential, is three-fourths of victory to any *artiste* attempting comic opera. Now Miss Austin must convince, not win, her audiences; and make her way, by the force of good singing and musical science. How far this truth—propounded in no unfriendly spirit—must be taken as discouragement, how far as incentive, it is for herself and her friends to decide. From what we heard in 'L'Elisir,' we give her credit for good sense, good taste, and good feeling: a voice with an octave and more of effective upper notes—an industry which it is hard to baffle, since the (musically) abominable text of her songs, duets, &c., was given with a clearness, which we should have thought impossible. She gains upon the respect of the public as the opera goes on: and from this, by energy and patience, good auguries may be drawn. Her next character, we believe, will be in 'La Sirène' of Auber, which will give us an opportunity of testing her power to originate. We must add a word in recognition of the *Nemorino* of Mr. Allen: though, perhaps, he overdoes its love-lorn frenzy. He is, as we long since prophesied he would become, our first tenor for a moderately-sized theatre.

SADLER'S WELLS.—The proceedings of this theatre, as comprising an attempt to carry out a new order of dramatic management, in pursuance of the intentions of the legislature, continue to interest us, though the distance of the *locale* precludes frequent visitation and regular notice. Suffice it to report, that it has been found possible to continue a Shaksperian and even a Byronian revival, for six successive nights, to excellent houses, and that the company have likewise been proved capable of performing the Congreve and Sheridan school of comedy with considerable effect. The experiment has at any rate so far succeeded as to dispel any lingering doubt concerning Mr. Phelps's general merits as an actor; he having now performed, with positive success, a numerous circle of characters, viz. Macbeth, Othello, the Stranger, Mr. Oakley, Werner, Shylock, Sir Peter Teazle, and last, and with greatest effect, *Virginius*. Among these, are two characters which it has been supposed a great tragic actor, now absent, had so completely appropriated to himself, and so identified with his own style of acting, that it has been the custom to consider that it would be worse than vain for any other performer to attempt them. Both the Werner and the *Virginius*, however, have now found a second competent representative. We must not close this brief notice without alluding to the actor's novel assumption of comic powers. Mr. Phelps's Sir Peter Teazle is a chaste, pathetic, (as indeed is every part in the hands of this actor, in some degree or other,) and humorous impersonation. It is also gratifying to perceive that the audience increases nightly, not only in number but in respectability. On the whole, we think it probable from this example, that "The Theatres Regulation Act" will have the effect of encouraging the establishment of small theatres in different parts of the metropolis and its suburbs, with specific companies suited to different sorts of drama. In this way, there will be a classification of theatres, which in the course of time will render the course of action in the dramatic world more intelligible than it has been, or could be, while suffering under the oppressive weight of an equally unwise and selfish, but unfortunately legalized, monopoly. This being now destroyed, it is hoped that freedom will produce its usual beneficial effects, at no distant season.

MISCELLANEA

Paris Academy of Sciences.—June 24.—M. Arago informed the Academy of a remarkable meteorological fact, which was noticed at the Observatory on

Sunday evening, June 23. Between seven and eight o'clock, the clouds which covered the horizon in the direction of the south disposed themselves in concentric masses, similar to those of the Aurora Borealis. The observers came to the conclusion that this was an Austral Aurora; but it was remarkable that the magnetic needle underwent none of the perturbations usual in such cases, and that the light from the phenomenon on being analyzed gave traces of polarization, in which the lunar light had no part.—M. Arago next made a communication on the subject of the assertions brought forward by M. Thilorier relative to his pretended discovery of a nervous fluid. According to the report of M. Arago, the affair was a failure.—A letter was received from M. Girardin, of Rouen, relative to the report on the changes of climate in France. M. Girardin writes that cider was made in Normandy as early as the sixth century, and that the consumption of it went on increasing up to the fourteenth, as did also that of beer, which was one of the early products of Normandy. The cultivation of the vine, however, continued without much fluctuation in the results to the fourteenth century, when the forests which sheltered the province from the north wind were cut down, and a perturbation in the temperature ensued, which was fatal to the vine.

The Moa, or Gigantic Bird of New Zealand.—From a letter just received from Mr. Walter Mantell, of Wellington, (son of Dr. Mantell), there seems still to be some doubt as to the extinction of this colossal race of bipeds. It appears that an emigrant from Sydney, lately settled at Piraki, or Waikawaite, has fallen in with a tribe of natives, previously unknown to the Europeans, and from them he has obtained information as to the existence of birds from 10 to 14 feet high, in the interior of the island Te Wai Pōnana. Mr. Mantell proceeds to remark that "our comparative anatomist, Dr. Knox, and myself much regret that no copy of Prof. Owen's paper on the Dinornis is in this colony: but the account in the Penny Cyclopædia, art. *Unan*, has interested us greatly. I long ago directed the attention of M. Sturm (a German naturalist, residing at the East Cape) to this subject, and he has promised to procure me a large collection of the Moa's bones from the bed of the Wairoa, a river flowing into Hawkes Bay, when the stream shall be sufficiently lessened by the summer heat. Near Taranaki, to the north of Cape Egmont, the bones are said to occur in large quantities on the site of an ancient and deserted Pa."

Simon de Montfort.—In your review of Mr. Blauw's 'Barons' War,' you ascribe the account of Simon de Montfort in Nichols's History of Leicester to Dr. Farmer. In Mr. Blauw's prefatory table, he has attributed its authorship to the Rev. Sambrook N. Russell, and I believe you will find that Mr. Blauw is right. I remain,

JOHN GOUGH NICHOLS.

The Volcanic, versus the Lunar Theory.—On reading in your Number 868 a report of Prof. Daubeny's lecture at the British Institution, an apparent contradiction struck me, which perhaps the learned Professor will have the goodness to dissipate. He adopts the theory that volcanoes are occasioned by the access of sea-water and atmospheric air to certain subterranean materials; yet he also adopts the theory that the Moon is covered with volcanoes, albeit possessing neither sea nor atmosphere. Now since the Moon is geologically, he affirms, but another earth, these two theories appear irreconcilable. If Professor D. can spare time to elucidate this point, he will, I doubt not, quiet the logical consciences of many persons more or less smattered in science than

Your humble servant, Q. Q.

Rock-Tombs.—A discovery has been made, at Innington, in the principality of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, of twenty-two tombs, hewn out of the calcareous rock, lying together, and containing each a human skeleton of giant size. The head was, in every case, turned to the south, and on the breast was laid a heavy stone, round in form, and, on the side which touched the skeleton, blackened as if by the action of fire. There is no trace of either metals or clothes in the tombs, and the skeletons fell to dust on the slightest touch. The archaeologists who have examined the tombs are of opinion that they date from a time anterior to the conquest of Germany by the Romans.

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THE Committee confidently appeal to the public at large for their support of this truly National Subscription, sanctioned as it is by men of every rank and denomination and party, and resting as it ought to do upon a nation's gratitude. The Committee have received in London above 3,500*l.* in sums of one penny to ten guineas, including subscriptions from Sir Robert Peel, Lord John Russell, the Marquess of Lansdowne, the Bishop of Durham, Lord Robert Grosvenor, Right Hon. Francis Baring, John Masterman, H. Warburton, Thomas Baring, James Pattison, Samuel Gurney, Lewis Lloyd, N. M. Rothschild, Esqrs. &c.; and they are in correspondence with above three hundred Committees formed in various parts of the country for the same purpose. With those who are sensible of the happy influences of the "Penny Postage System" upon society, the disposition can hardly be wanting to establish these Committees everywhere; and the Committee trust that not a single city, town, or village in the United Kingdom will fail to establish its Committee, however small, to co-operate in this grateful work. Tens of thousands would give to this object, were it but a penny stamp, if the opportunity was afforded them; for there are few, indeed, who have not profited by the change, or to whom it has not imparted comfort. In the absence of such Committees, subscriptions may be forwarded by Post-office orders, penny stamps, or otherwise, to any of the principal London Bankers; or addressed to Mr. G. Wansey, the Secretary of the London Committee, who will also advise in the formation of new Committees in every part of the kingdom, supply Subscription Cards, and afford every information required.

By order of the London Committee.

GEORGE WANSEY, Secretary

3, Lothbury, London, June 27, 1844.

Amount already advertised: £1,803 7s. 3d.

ADDITIONAL SUBSCRIPTIONS

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